

THE MONTHLY

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 557 (NEW SERIES 167) NOV., 1910

CONTENTS

THE REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL.....	<i>By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith.</i>	449
THE LION IN DANIEL'S DEN. II.....	<i>By C. C. Martindale.</i>	465
A "TRUE STORY OF A NUN".....	<i>By James Britten, K.S.G.</i>	480
LE SILLON.....	<i>By the Rev. H. J. Leroy.</i>	491
THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY TO DATE.		

By the Rev. Herbert Thurston. 507

A FRENCH STORY-TELLER.....	<i>By E. M. Walker.</i>	522
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.....		530

Cells and Cellars.
The Pope or—Luther.
Ex Opere Operantis.
"The Church of England shall be free."
A Neglected Confessor.
Wrong-headed Peace-Propagandists.
"The Call of Portugal."

REVIEWS.....	543
SHORT NOTICES.....	553
BOOKS RECEIVED.....	558
SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.....	560

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
LONDON & ONE SHILLING

[Editorial Offices, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, W.]

STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES.

PSYCHOLOGY:

Empirical and Rational.

BY

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., D.Lit.; M.A. LOND.

SIXTH EDITION.

(SEVENTEENTH TO NINETEENTH THOUSAND.)

PRICE 6s. 6d.

1. **Logic.** By RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. Second Edition. Price 5s.
 2. **First Principles of Knowledge.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J., late Professor of Logic and General Metaphysics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Fourth Edition. Price 5s.
 3. **Moral Philosophy (Ethics and Natural Law).** By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., M.A. Lond.; late Professor of Ethics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Third Edition. Price 5s.
 4. **Natural Theology.** By BERNARD BOEDDER, S.J., Professor of Natural Theology at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Second Edition. Price 6s. 6d.
 6. **General Metaphysics.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Second Edition. Price 5s.
 7. **Political Economy.** By CHARLES S. DEVAS, M.A. Oxon. Sometime Examiner in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. (Tenth to Twelfth Thousand). Price 7s. 6d.
-

LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., London, New York, Bombay, and Calcutta.



The Revolution in Portugal.

ON February 1st, 1908, nearly three years ago, the world was startled with the news that had come from Lisbon. King Carlos, with his wife and two sons, were driving through the streets of their capital when a band of assassins suddenly attacked them. They slew the King and the heir to the throne, and severely wounded the young Prince Manoel. The boy recovered, and, with the vivid image of this fearful tragedy stamped for ever on his memory, was called to ascend his father's precarious throne. He was a mere boy of eighteen, but his good mother had brought him up well, and he manifested a true desire to devote his life to the welfare of his people. He had, too, engaging manners of the sort which, when found in a Sovereign, evoke loyalty, and won for him universal favour when he visited this country. His misfortune, however, was that there were none whom he could call to his councils and entrust with the offices of government, with any assurance that they would stand by him loyally. For some time past his father had been at the mercy of the "rotativists," as they were called, that is, a class of politicians who cared nothing about the welfare of the country, and used their terms of office merely as opportunities for self-enrichment by dishonest practices, securing themselves from punishment by an understanding with their political adversaries to take turns with them in the tenure of office. It was, in fact, by his father's well-meant but rash endeavour to rid the country of this incubus, by a temporary suspension of the Constitution, that he gave the handle to the group of republicans who had long been waiting for an opportunity to overturn the monarchy, and were not too particular about the means they employed. It was undoubtedly this last-named party which engineered the assassinations, as was apparent by the rejoicings with which they welcomed them when they had taken place, not desisting even from the indecency of glorifying the memory of the chief assassin after his suicide, strewing flowers on his grave, offering his portrait

for sale in the shop-windows, competing for the honour of adopting his orphaned children. But whilst the republicans were thus engaged in venerating the memory of their precious martyrs, the corrupt politicians from among whom the poor young King was compelled to choose his advisers thought only of using their regained facilities for public plunder, and did not even trouble to bring the still-surviving regicides to justice—indeed, were suspected of a secret sympathy for them.

It was into this seething cauldron of intrigue and passion that Dom Manoel found himself cast on his premature emergence from the school-room, nor could there have been much doubt for those who could gauge the situation but that further and graver calamities were in store for him and his people. Whilst the classes which furnished him with his Ministers were neglecting their duties altogether, the class whence came his father's murderers were busily engaged in preparing a revolution, in doing which it is due to them to acknowledge that they showed considerable skill and energy. For a long time previously they had been preparing the ground by a newspaper campaign against the monarchy and the Church, a campaign for which the policy of the Court, which had been that of "appeasement," as it was called, had given it perfect liberty. Nearly all the Lisbon papers were republican, and four particularly—*O Seculo*, *O Mundo*, *A Lucta*, and *Vanguardia*—took the lead by the violence of their language and the grossness of their slanders. Thanks to the enslavement of the Church to the State, which has hampered the action of the former in every way possible, the population of Lisbon has for long been irreligious, and, never reading a Catholic paper, has been an easy victim to all those impossible stories against the clergy and Religious which have been disseminated broadcast, and differ only from the slanders of our own ultra-Protestant organs in that they were directed openly and not merely cryptically against religion of all kind. When they conceived themselves able to count on the co-operation of the disorderly classes, they organized their adherents and prepared their plans. They tore up the railways and broke down the bridges, so as to isolate the city and control the news sent to the provincial or foreign papers. They collected, with the aid of their fellow-Masons in Paris and elsewhere, an ample supply of funds, to be used in purchasing the services of politicians, soldiers, sailors, mob-leaders, and others. Then they waited the convenient moment

The Revolution in P

The Revolution in Portugal.

451

for beginning, in the hopes that some chance occurrence might afford them a pretext for arousing the mob. This came to them when Dr. Bombardia, the medical adviser to a lunatic asylum, but also a fanatical republican whom they counted among their leaders, was murdered by a former inmate of the asylum who had been prematurely released. It was easy to represent this as a political crime inspired by the monarchists, and this was done by *O Seculo*, which in excited language called on the mob to "rise and put an end to the monarchical regime which permitted such foul deeds." Then followed the fighting between the republican forces and the royal troops which caused much loss of life during the interval between Monday night and Wednesday at noon. On Tuesday morning three ships-of-war in the harbour joined the rebels, and bombarded the town and the Necessidades Palace. The royalist troops by general acknowledgment fought bravely, and would have won the day had it not been for the apathy of their officers who had probably been purchased by the rebels. As it was, their courage broke down after some thirty-six hours' fighting, when deeming further resistance hopeless they surrendered, or even went over to the enemy. At the palace King Manoel remained through the bombardment and seems to have shown much courage, only leaving the scene of action on Wednesday evening, and then with reluctance and in deference to the advice of his few remaining supporters. On the same day a Provisional Government was formed with Senhor Braga for its President, and Senhores Machado and da Costa for its leading members, and by them the Republic was proclaimed. At once they drew up a proclamation to the people announcing what had happened and expressing themselves in the fulsome language in which such people delight, and in which the bombastic announcement "that this day puts an end finally to the slavery of this country and the beneficent aspiration of a regime of liberty rises luminous in its virginal essence," and the exhortation to let "this moment be the beginning of an epoch of austere morality and of immaculate justice" have furnished the world with a good test of their intelligence and capacity.

But what administrative form was this system of austere morality and immaculate justice to take? Senhor Costa replying on Friday, Oct. 7th, to a "despatch" from the *Times*, tells us in language of like pomposity:

At a Council held to-night we were able to consider the

revolutionary period definitely ended and the era of progressive government and moral regeneration begun.

We intend to develop education and to make sure our national defences, with the aim of putting ourselves in the position of true and serious allies of your great country. We shall develop our Colonies on a basis of self-government. We shall secure complete independence in the Judiciary, and shall establish free and universal suffrage. We shall give all possible stimulus to national economy, and shall establish a real Budgetary equilibrium.

This indeed opens out a delightful prospect for the Portuguese nation, or would do if words could butter parsnips, or the assurances of revolutionary leaders be taken as proof of their real intentions, not to say capacities. But unfortunately the next clause shows that, though Senhor Costa ends his letter by assuring us that his new Republic is "for all," one sweeping exception to this all-embracing promise is to be made, an exception which may be described as involving all who are wicked enough to worship our Lord Jesus Christ, and teach others to do the same.

We shall make all essential liberties respected, and shall banish (*chasserons*) all monks and nuns in accordance with our free secular laws. We shall establish methods of social assistance. *We shall decree the separation of Church and State.* . . . The Republic is for all—that is our device.

In the same letter to the *Times*, this gentleman further plumes himself on "the heroic and marvellously correct attitude of the revolutionary forces and on their generosity towards the vanquished." It is an idea for which his party were particularly anxious to gain acceptance. Thus Dr. Machado told the *Times* Correspondent on October 9th that

he did not know which most to admire—the heroic stroke, the dash which had made the revolution, or the spirit of toleration, of social brotherhood, by which the victors were animated towards the vanquished. There had been absolutely no reprisals. No sooner was the revolution accomplished than personal safety was ensured, banks and business houses, employers and employed—all realized that, far from having anything to fear from the Republic, they could count upon it to promote their welfare.¹

And "Dom Cesar da Silva, another of the revolutionary

¹ *Times*, October 10th.

leaders," when interviewed by Mr. Valentine Williams on behalf of the *Daily Mail*, "particularly insisted on the endeavours of the revolutionaries to avoid bloodshed. Dozens of rounds of blank cartridges, he said, were fired by the artillery and the infantry with the view of inspiring fear in the faint-hearted monarchists,"¹ a statement which it must be acknowledged accords ill with what Mr. Williams himself tells us in the very same letter about the appearance of the Avenida da Liberdade after the bombardment on Tuesday and Wednesday.

We have, however, to remember that the Provisional Government had established a strict censorship on the despatches of the journalists, and would allow no news to be sent outside save such as gave their own version of the facts. What the character of this censorship was is testified by M. Naudeau in his despatch of October 12th to *Le Journal*, of Paris.

The republican censorship [he writes] is pitiless towards those foreign journalists who have no desire to discharge a purely official function, and prefer to telegraph their personal observations, not the solemn platitudes of the ministerial departments.²

And likewise by the *Westminster Gazette's* Correspondent whose letters are published in its issues for October 18 and 19.

There is a censorship of a worse kind than ever existed under Royalty. If you are willing to wire that the Jesuits are running like rats through all the old sewers and drains in the town (those old sewers are dignified with the name of "underground passages") with bombs and infernal machines for the purpose of blowing us all up, then your telegram will pass. If you cast the faintest doubt on that story you immediately get into difficulties, are subject to delays, are liable to see your despatches mutilated.

These testimonies, to which others to the same effect might be added, suffice to show that accounts emanating from the Provisional Government, or improved by its censors, are not to be taken as giving the genuine facts, but as narratives coloured or fabricated with the object of exhibiting the conduct of the revolutionaries as worthy of all admiration, but that of the monarchists, and especially of the clergy and Religious, as discreditable in every way. Accordingly, if we wish to know what really did happen, we must look elsewhere, namely, to the

¹ *Daily Mail*, October 10th.

² *Le Journal*, October 14th.

accounts sent by the Correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, or Mr. Donohue of the *Daily Chronicle*, or Mr. Percival Phillips of the *Daily Express*, who managed, by crossing the frontier or otherwise, to evade the republican censorship. From these sources we learn that the revolutionaries were far from being as gentle and considerate in their behaviour as their leaders would have us believe.

It was on October 6th, if we rightly understand, that the Religious of both sexes were notified that they must be out of their houses and on the road to exile within twenty-four hours. This surely was not what the most elementary humanity demanded, for it meant death to many and starvation and misery to all. To what extent the victims bestirred themselves to get away we do not know, but for the mass of them departure within so short a time must have been as impossible as it was probably intended to be, and on Friday the 7th, in some places sooner, steps were taken to eject the inmates forcibly. This attack appears to have been directed in the first place against the Jesuit Residence in the Rua del Quelhas, the Convent of the Dorothean Sisters which is contiguous to it, and the Trinas Convent of Franciscan nuns not very far off. As something turns on the character of the Jesuit Residence, it is necessary to say that it is to be distinguished from the great Jesuit College of Campolide, in the suburbs to the north-west. The latter, which was not visited and sacked till the 11th, is a very large building. It has been by far the most important educational establishment in the city, and by far, also, the most renowned for the quality of the education it gave, as may be gathered from the remarkable fact that not only the principal Catholics of the town, but also a good number of the anti-clericals, indeed even at times the very people who were agitating, in the Cortes and out of it, for the expulsion of the Jesuits sent their children to it. This is the College in describing which the *Times* Correspondent on October 12th gave a very reprehensible license to his imagination.

Search parties [he informed us] disclosed a quaint blending of Inquisitorial mysteries and modern educational and domestic appointments. The dormitories and cubicles were comparable to those of a Rowton House, the salons would have graced a city guild, and the kitchens were equal to those of a modern restaurant.¹

¹ *Times*, October 13th.

This of course was what was to be expected in a college where several hundred boys and their teachers, and the necessary staff of domestics were residing.

All these were above a maze of subterranean passages, crypts, and *caches*, that would have done credit to the Bastille.

The insinuation conveyed by these words is that underneath the College there exists a labyrinth of dungeons and winding passages, so constructed as to leave no doubt that they were intended to be used as places for imprisonment or concealment, or as tunnels through which, under cover of the darkness, Jesuits and their allies might pass over a wide area to meet their fellow-plotters, deposit explosives, and so on, after the manner which popular legend ascribes to them. The *substratum* of truth to this cruel misrepresentation is declared by Père Torrend, a Frenchman by birth and a well-known biologist, who has been a Professor in the Campolide College for some years. Released on account of his French nationality from the prison into which the Portuguese Fathers have been thrown, he has come to London, and on his authority we can certify these particulars: the College of Campolide is built on a slope; the greater part of it, resting on the basalt rock, has no cellars at all. But on the lower part are the following: (1) a large cistern which fills up the quarry whence the stone for the College was taken, over it being a flower garden, and for access to it, as often happens in such cases, is a small dark staircase, covered from above by a trap-door; (2) two sunk wells about fifty yards apart, between which is a small channel by which water may flow or a workman creep for repairs; (3) a staircase leading to a conduit level with the water of the tank; (4) some arches, visible from the outside, which run towards the old quarry (now turned into a cistern), and are used for storing fuel, carts, wood, and so forth; (5) under one of these arches the signs of an old trench which was not known of till two years ago, when it unpleasantly announced its existence by the swarms of mosquitoes it sent forth, and was accordingly blocked up. This is all, and is only what one might expect to find in a building of the sort, whether designed for the use of Jesuits or Protestants. It is strange then that the *Times* Correspondent should have described it as he has, still stranger when he assures us, in the *Times* of

October 25th, that his description was based on ocular inspection.

This digression may perhaps throw some light on the strange errors into which some of the correspondents have fallen in their description of the Residence in the Rua del Quelhas. Evidently they have ascribed what they heard of the College of Campolide to the last-named Residence, for the latter has no cellars at all, and is quite a small place, consisting of a church, over which is a guild-room, having on one side a residence for eight Fathers and six lay-Brothers, and on the other a similar small place for the editorial and other chambers, and the printing press belonging to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, a little spiritual periodical of the kind perfectly well-known in England, which the Fathers of that Residence edit. At the back of the church is the large convent, already mentioned, of the Dorothean Sisters, which, however, is entirely separate from the Jesuit building.

It was given out by the Government that the attack on the Residence in the Rua del Quelhas on the night of Friday, October 7th, was made, not by the troops in obedience to orders received, but by the "people" who had been stirred to indignation by the strange folly of the Fathers residing in it. Though the Revolution was now over, its object having been attained, and the streets had become once more quiet, these Fathers, in what could only have been sheer malice, took to throwing down bombs from their upper windows on to the peaceful passers-by. It is not a very likely story and, as soon as they had time to reflect on it, the correspondents of the English papers set it aside without ceremony as ridiculous. "It is manifestly absurd," says the correspondent of the *Daily News*.¹ "The Portuguese Republicans must have had an exceedingly low idea of the level of intelligence and credulity outside Lisbon when they started this story," says the correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* for October 18th. Still they did start it.

None [says this latter journalist] of the correspondents wired it, I think, though the censor did his best to make them do so. "I don't want these fantastic tales about the blue-jackets firing on the convent," said that gentleman to a friend of mine, a German journalist, "I shall certainly not allow such wires to pass. What I want is the truth. Now, if you tell the truth and say that the friars threw bombs at the troops, well, I shall let that pass with pleasure."

¹ *Daily News*, October 8th.

Moreover, it was the blue-jackets, not the mob, who were guilty of the outrage. "There was not," says this same *Westminster Gazette* Correspondent, "the faintest disposition on the part of the mob to attack the convents. Most of the attacking was done by the soldiers and blue-jackets." All through the night of Friday, the 7th, these valorous blue-jackets bombarded the little Jesuit Residence in the Rua del Quelhas—for little house it is, with eight Fathers and six lay-Brothers for its entire staff. They brought up machine-guns and battered away at the little tower till it was riddled through and through. From time to time the search-light of the *Dom Carlos* lit up the building, and this was the signal for a fresh bout of firing, the whole affair lasting an hour and a half at a time, and being resumed more than once during the night. But there was at no time any reply from within, and when the morning came, and they effected an entrance into the building by bursting open its gates, it was only to find the place entirely empty. They had, in short, in their blind fury, been blazing away at an empty house, the occupants of which had, as the Provisional Government knew well, though they encouraged the false report, been all removed to prison some time before the attack by the sailors began. And here we may say in general that, as might be supposed, but as we also know from the Jesuit Father now in London who was in Lisbon all through those days of terror, not a single shot was fired, or bomb thrown, or means of active defence taken, by the Jesuits all through. But the invaders were not to be stopped by this discovery. They set up the theory that these aggressive Jesuits had escaped into the sewers (that being so easy a thing to do in a town house). So making this an excuse for a forcible entry into the building, on the pretext that they were looking for the refugees, these blue-jackets, let loose, turned the place into a regular pandemonium. Mr. Percival Phillips, of the *Daily Express*,¹ in describing it, falls into the error to which we have alluded, by confusing the structure in the Rua del Quelhas with that of the Campolide. He is misled too at this stage of the occurrences by the authorities, who were sedulously circulating the legend that the Jesuits were showering down bombs on their assailants. He is then to this extent untrustworthy; and shows by the manner of his narrative that he is taking what he says on second or third-hand evidence. Still his general impression must be trustworthy, and he gives a vivid account of

¹ *Daily Express*, October 10th.

"scenes" which, to use his own phrase, "recall the worst phases of the French Terror with the drunken revolutionaries dancing and singing the *Marseillaise* on the altars of the ruined churches."

Gangs of "patriots" [he says of the sacking of the Jesuit Residence at Quelhas], armed with rifles, knives, bludgeons, and even immense hammers and pickaxes as weapons of offence, were engaged in sacking convents and hunting fugitive priests through underground passages like rats, encouraged by women who laughed from window balconies or took their chances with the others in the street mob.

A steady, muffled roar came from the building as the exultant mob battered down the doors indiscriminately and sang, wept, and cheered. It was unlike any sound I have ever heard. The balconies and windows of the houses in the Rua del Quelhas and the Rua Machadinho were crowded all day long with spectators, like watching a play.

"Patriots," drunk with wine and Republicanism, clustered on the turret of the lofty tower brandishing knives, axes, and rifles, and ringing the church bells madly. It was like a fantastic nightmare.

I walked through the building unheeded, unnoticed by the mob, save when a soldier or civilian invited me to share the loot. The refectory was strewn with broken bottles, and the floor ran with wine, while thirsty late arrivals searched for more.

The influence of this realization of the philosophy that Republicans do exactly as they like was apparent, even during my stay among the pillagers, for soldiers who went into the institution through curiosity were soon seized with the looting fever and became transformed before our eyes into unreasoning fanatics, showing unmistakably how easily this lust for pillage and revenge may suddenly become epidemic among all the troops unless prompt measures are taken to stamp it out.

A gigantic negro, barefooted and wearing a priest's biretta on his head, and armed with a cavalry sabre and a long butcher's knife, was prising up the side of the altar slab searching for jewelled relics. Two grimy revolutionaries wrapped in gold-cloth copes danced in the choir singing the *Marseillaise*, while another mocked the intoning of the priests. Another gang smashed the high gilt reredos and baldacchino behind the high altar with hammers and axes. A naval petty officer, bloodstained and with a bandaged head, called three pillagers to assist him as he savagely wrenched out the pulpit, hoping to find secret treasure. Life-size statues were thrown down and broken. A sailor handed his rifle to a companion and tried to wrench off the silk curtains of the tabernacle on the high altar.

Republican mottoes were scrawled on the walls in chalk. The organ was ruined. A grimy artilleryman tried to play an accompaniment to a ribald song, and smashed the keys in disgust when he failed.

I ascended to the library on the first floor from the gallery adjoining the church. Here in the general rooms thousands of books, including many ancient and valuable treatises, were defaced and thrown from the windows to the street mob. I picked up from the floor the fragments of a torn canvas, which had been a beautiful seventeenth century painting of the Virgin, four feet wide. It had been slashed into ribbons, like other paintings, by the swords of the Republicans.

This is sad enough, but Jesuits have chosen their lot, which is to be loyal to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Church and to labour for the sanctification of others; and they have made this choice with the full knowledge that it will draw down upon them obloquy and persecution from those to whom the name of Christ and His Church is an offence. After all, if hardship befalls them at a crisis like the present, they are but sharing the experience of the Apostles, who "went rejoicing that they should be thought worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus." Moreover they are of the sterner sex which must expect hard knocks and blows in the tumults of life. Far more intolerable to hearts that know how to feel is the story of the wrongs inflicted on the poor nuns and their pupils. Of this we have a pathetic account from the Special Correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*.

From Thursday to Sunday the nuns were brought through the streets in open motor-cars and carriages. These vehicles were filled with armed men, some of them displaying naked swords. The shouts of the crowd and the jeers of the soldiery frightened these unfortunate ladies nearly to death. Some of them wore their religious habits, most of them wore the national mantilla, probably many of them had never been outside the convent since they were little girls. No small number of these ladies were of noble birth and of refined appearance. Some of them were very young, some of them mere novices. To entrust them to the care of drunken—or, at least, very excited—blue-jackets, to drive them through howling mobs, was a cruel and an unmanly thing to do. I have since discussed the matter with foreigners, all of them Atheists save one, who is a Lutheran, and they cannot find words strong enough to express their contempt and loathing for the "Dagos," who have treated delicate and helpless women in this disgraceful manner.

If only grown-up women were concerned, the matter would not be quite so bad. But the girls and children who had been boarding in the convent schools, the orphans and the poor whom the nuns had been taking care of, were similarly escorted to the arsenal or to the railway station. I saw one child carrying in her hand a doll. Before

her swaggered a truculent bully with an unsheathed sword. Around her surged a villainous-looking gang of sailors and civilians. If these men had been the bravest of the brave, I could not have concealed my disgust.

Even if it had been necessary to remove the nuns to some central place of safety, why send them to the arsenal? Could they not all have been collected in some one large convent or other building on the outskirts of the city? If the Republican Government wished to protect them from the mob, why did it expose them to the jeers of the mob by taking them through the very heart of the city?

In the arsenal, which is also a naval barracks, the nuns were herded together in one large room. This was also, I think, a quite unnecessary inconvenience and indignity. When they had been herded together in this room to the number of several hundreds, Senhor Affonso Costa, the Minister of Justice, descended on them in all his glory. . . . Worse remains to be told, however. The Republican and atheistical newspapers, whose editors now rule Portugal, printed details of alleged immorality on the part of the nuns, details so revolting, so exaggerated, and so contradictory that they overshot the mark and deceived nobody.

On Saturday last I entered the pillaged convent of Quelhas, and certainly the sight was most pitiable. The place had been a boarding-school for poor girls. Their little bed-rooms had been turned topsyturvy, their school-books, their sewing and embroidery, their half-finished socks, their little toys, their linen, their humble underclothing, hats, and boots, lay strewn on the floor. Few of the statues and religious emblems had been injured, and evidently the heroic and *valeroso* looters of the place had been out after loot alone. The open drawers, the smashed cupboards, the broken writing-desks, spoke only of a search for hard cash and for gold ornaments. On the occasion of my visit the house was filled with a civil and military rabble, still hunting for loot. The soldiers and blue-jackets were armed, of course; some of the civilians flourished long, naked daggers in a manner that suggested drink or insanity.

How a Government worthy of the name could allow its regular troops to take part in such an orgie is incredible.

We understand well enough that the real motive for all this proscription of the Religious is the hatred of religion, of all religion, by which these revolutionaries are obsessed; but this is not a motive which they can afford to proclaim, and so they prefer to charge their victims with anti-social offences. Still, in that case, there should surely be some judicial investigation conducted on equitable principles, including the hearing of the accused and the substantiation of all that is urged against them. Yet it is very noticeable from the reports received that

not only is there no trace of an intention to take this obviously just course, but the charges themselves are expressed in such vague terms, that it would be difficult to investigate them. For instance, Senhor Affonso Costa tells the Special Correspondent of *Le Temps*,¹ that "these congregations made a pretence of teaching so as to justify their existence, and really devoted their activities to politics, especially since the death of Dom Carlos. They had founded violent organs and a so-called National Party, composed of men devoted to them." Suppose they had done all these things, what is there in them that should be deemed culpable by the civil power? In fact, however, they are not proved to have done, and have not done, any of these. They have abstained altogether from politics, and as for founding violent organs, let Senhor Costa show in any Jesuit organ, or Catholic organ, language one-twentieth part as violent as the articles that appear daily in the foul republican papers we have named. It does not indeed surprise us that these people should act towards the Religious in this manner, but we have surely the right to ask our fellow-countrymen who, though prejudiced against Catholics, are by no means dead to the most elementary considerations of justice—we have the right to ask them to withhold their adverse judgment till something that can really be called evidence for the allegations has been produced. And may we not also remind them that in any other case they would demand that even suspected criminals should be treated with a certain degree of humanity, whereas in the present instance more sympathy has been shown for the marooned dogs of Constantinople than for the hundred and forty Jesuits and three hundred or more nuns, who were suddenly deprived of all they had at the beginning of this Revolution, taken from their homes without regard for age or health, to places of confinement where they lie huddled close together by the hundred in large halls, without privacy of any kind, with nothing but a few large and filthy tubs set in their midst to meet the necessities of nature, with nothing but a mattress and a blanket a-piece on which to sleep in a bitterly cold and damp atmosphere, with only repulsive food to eat—and told that they must remain thus till they find the means to pay for their journey into exile.

There is much else which suggests itself in the way of

¹ October 10th.

reflection on the attitude towards this persecution taken by the English papers. But there is one thing which needs to be brought forward at once. These papers are smiling in the most surprising way on the new Republic, and are recommending it should be promptly recognized by the Powers. Incredible as it may appear, they have actually been captured by the inflated language, the *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba* which those windbags have put into their proclamations; they have actually mistaken words for deeds, for what guarantee have they that the present state of things will endure? Certainly the character of the triumvirs, if we may so call them, affords no guarantee. Senhor Braga may be a "philosopher, poet, romancer, historian, statistician," and what not besides; he may live in a small flat, have unassuming manners and the glory of grey hairs; he may be a sentimentalist with a touching propensity to shed tears, as one Correspondent tells us he did in speaking of the condition of the poor, and as one who talked with him the other day tells us he did in announcing his intention to abolish in Portugal the ceremony of Baptism, or, as possibly he does, like the walrus with streaming eyes, when he reflects on the cruelties he is inflicting on the nuns. But the impression prevailing in Lisbon is that he is a mere dreamer set up by stronger people to act as a figure-head till it suits them to displace him. Nor is Senhor Machado, another old man, thought by the Lisbon people to be a sufficiently forceful character to keep his place long. Senhor Costa is undoubtedly the strongest man of the three, as he is also the most violent; still it is, we are credibly informed, understood by those who are on the spot that the real arbiters of the present situation are a Secret Club, probably consisting of some newspaper proprietors and editors, and that it is from these that the triumvirs take their orders. Moreover these secret leaders, whoever they be, have had for the accomplishment of their revolution to conjure up the demon of anarchy—for it is thus we must conceive of the *canaille* some of whose hooligan achievements in sacking the convents we have described. The passions which agitate a *canaille* of this sort are essentially internecine, and already there are ominous signs of the development of this tendency. In the *Times* for October 21st a mysterious telegram "from our Special Correspondent" announced that "the Provisional Government to-day attempts to mollify the military heroes of the revolution by rewarding their 'patriotic services'

with furloughs, offers of service in the National Guard, extra promotions, retirements, increased pensions and distinctions." The true inwardness of this episode is, we are informed, that only two of the revolting regiments are cordially republican, and that these two have had to be practically disbanded, by the methods indicated in this telegram, because they provokingly claimed to have their patriotic services rewarded by a rise of their day's pay from something like a penny to half-a-crown. In short, the *Westminster Gazette* Correspondent is perhaps not far wrong when he writes that "a Central American Republic of the worst type has been established here in Europe."¹ Why, then, this undue haste in recommending that England should take the lead in obtaining for it a recognition by the Powers?

But there is a graver reason which should make England hesitate to hasten on this recognition, and, as it is a reason of a moral and religious species, it comes more strictly within the purview of this periodical. Seven years ago, when King Alexander of Servia and his Queen were foully murdered, England expressed its horror of the crime by withdrawing its representative from the Servian Court. This was because the Government which invited King Peter to fill the vacant throne, and was continued by him in office, was felt to be implicated in the crime committed. Of course there are considerations which make it impossible to withhold recognition of a *de facto* Government for ever, but in that case it was withheld for three whole years. What, then, about the present case? Nearly three years ago King Carlos and his son were the victims of a murder not less foul than that of Alexander of Servia and his Queen. No one doubted but that the assassins who did the deed were acting on behalf of the Republican party, and were supported by its leaders. Indeed, this party did not even concern itself to repel the imputation, but on the contrary lauded the assassins to the sky as heroes. Yet can it be denied that the assassination of February, 1908, and the revolution of October, 1910, are in continuity with each other, the latter completing the work which the former failed to accomplish entirely? But if so, what of Senhor Affonso Costa, who was the leader, so far as was externally known, of this Republican party which engineered the assassinations, and what of the Secret Club behind him and his colleagues? If England

¹ *Westminster Gazette*, October 19th.

is not to depart from the becoming precedent set in the case of Servia, would it not be desirable to withhold the recognition from applicants so deeply compromised by their party associations until they have given some satisfactory proofs of their innocence, and some genuine expression of their horror of crimes so revolting?

S. F. S.

The Lion in Daniel's Den.

II.

WE spoke in our last paper of the lowest form of anti-Christian publication which is produced among us. In it, the senses were boldly appealed to: some of its examples consisted entirely of, or were prefaced by, pictures; where these were lacking, the ear was tickled by crude assonances and alliterations. Ideas no doubt flitted in distress across that jungle of sensation, but they bruised their delicate wings against the gross materialism that prisoned them.

A little further up the scale come *e.g.*, the *Bible Romances* of Mr. Foote, published by the Secular Society at 6d., and their like. The note of flippant vulgarity, and the rather rancid flavour which some of our reformers so appreciate are still very noticeable,¹ but with these goes a great quantity and a higher quality of misapplied learning; else to mention the book here were out of place. Thus the chapter "A God in a Box" is a capital occasion for erudite references to stone fetiches kept in arks: "Bible Ghosts" for a popular exposition of Spencer's and Tylor's theories.

Still written with the intention of connecting ideas with sensations startling to the eye and echoing in the ear, are the catechisms and hymns of the Agnostic Sunday schools and

¹ "Elisha's hostess was not a widow, but a wife. Her husband was old, and she had no child when Elisha first came to their house; but that little deficiency was soon remedied." Our heart sickens when we find this sort of thing pervading the whole discussion on the Virgin Birth, a chapter making (as usual) effective use of the Talmudic story which puts the soldier Panthera, or the Jew Pandera, as the father of Jesus—a blasphemy which Mr. Thomas Hardy has thought fit to revive in verse deficient (happily) in that vigour—almost brutality—of expression, and that haunting rhythm which make his work, as a rule, so forcefully attractive. I possessed recently a letter from the Hon. Secretary of the "Imperial Masonic Union," membership of which is "open to all who are not bigoted against the late Lord Pandera, the Greek Jew of Nazareth"—whatever that may mean. I had, too, a fantastic paper, printed for private circulation only by the "Christian Atheistic Society" (here we revert to the nightmare style of publication; but its authors took themselves very seriously indeed), called "The Modern English Translation of the Personal Testament of Jesus Ben Pandera, the Jew."

similar bodies, or published by private enterprize. I select a few questions from a *Catechism* by "Aletheia, M.D.," which begins cheerily enough: *Q.* Who created you? *R.* I was not created.

Q. Whence were derived most of the doctrines of Christism? *R.* From the ancient Pagan mythologies. *Q.* Mention some instances. *R.* By substituting other names for "Jesus Christ" and Pontius Pilate, the chief creed of Christendom, called the Apostles' Creed, would become the ancient Pagan creed. *Q.* Are there any other resemblances? *R.* Yes; most of the Pagan religions had their Incarnate Gods, Creators, Saviours, Christs, Virgin Mothers [and so on through a long paragraph]. *Q.* Mention some of these Pagan gods, trinities, saviours, virgins, &c. . . . *Q.* Then we may understand that Jesus was not the only Saviour or Christ? *R.* Certainly, for, as we have mentioned before, he was only one among many others; and it was not till some time after his death that he was deified by his followers. *Q.* It is, then, quite evident that Christism is a borrowed religion? *R.* Yes, chiefly, as we have seen, from Osirianism of Egypt, Buddhism, Mithraism, and Judaism. . . . *Q.* [Has Christism satisfactorily produced evidence that it is the one revelation?] *R.* No; the evidence in her favour is weaker than in that of others. She has neither the advantage of antiquity nor originality; for her doctrines, miracles, sayings, rites, and ceremonies are borrowed from previously-existing Pagan theologies—chiefly Osirianism of Egypt, Mithraism of Persia, and Buddhism, the two former of which helped to form the Hebrew cosmogony.

Aletheia has also written *The Rationalist's Manual*, A Compendium of Theological and Biblical Criticism, Philosophy, Science, and Ethics.

As for the schools we mentioned, Mrs. Norriss, in a pamphlet explaining the object of *The Children's Social Sunday Union*,¹ calculates that there are now (1910) in England sixty-seven of the Socialist schools, and in Scotland twenty-seven, making a total of ninety-four. Thus a total ("very much below the mark") of 4,700 British children come under this evil influence every Sunday. As we said, Agnostic and Socialist "Catechisms," "Hymns," "Ten Commandments," are in regular use there; the lessons, as might be expected from the names of the teachers and the sources of their instruction, are frankly irreligious. Many of us may remember the 1st of May hymns in Hyde Park, or at certain local elections, where the crudest

¹ "For the preservation of the Christian Faith amongst children attending Agnostic or Secular Sunday Schools." It is published (1d.) at 102, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

translations of *l'Internationale* and other foreign revolutionary cantiques were sung, reiterating the doctrine that *No Saviours from on high deliver, No trust have we in prince or peer, and so on.*¹

The mention of children reminds us that M. S. Reinach's *Orpheus* (translated into at least six languages, English among them, and already in its eleventh edition (I think) in French), appears, together with M. Guignebert's notorious *Manuel* of Christian Origins, on the official programme of the Normal School for school-masters and mistresses at Sèvres, as books to be consulted in the study of *Culte et Religion*, while *Orpheus* is given as prize in girls' *lycées*; and this not only in face of the *Loi de Neutralité* and the prosecution of Catholic protesters and proscription of Catholic books, but in spite of the frank recognition, by experts, that (except for most of the Greek, Roman, and Gaulish parts), *Orpheus* is an extremely ill-considered book, to say the least, and in many places quite misleading, and often positively astray in matters of fact, and throughout permeated by a spirit of hate and anger. Further, to every freshman in one of our largest and oldest Universities was sent not long ago Mr. "Philip Vivian's" *The Churches and Modern Thought*, published in 1910 in a paper-backed edition of 418 pages for 6d. It is in many ways a likeable book, and the author's industry, restraint, and indeed sincerity, are apparent throughout. But (like nearly all the publications of the Rationalist Press Association) it has throughout a flavour of—how shall I say it without being rude?—*self-educatedness* may do, though this does not exactly (in this particular case) amount to the vulgarity, or flippancy, or smugness of self-

¹ "Our power lies in the children," the Superintendent of an Agnostic Sunday school is quoted as having said on January 1, 1910: "we get them at the opening of their lives, and instil our teaching thoroughly." This is only Newman's phrase, inverted: "Give me the children of England, and England shall be Roman Catholic." Here we see some of the human passions at work in those who make laws about education. A well-known Rationalist Association publishes *The Children's Book of Moral Lessons, Stories for Moral Instruction*, and the *Children's Plutarch*, illustrated by Walter Crane (the illustrations of course are good, but the rest is dull enough), and *Between Boy and Man*, a collection of Lectures to Sixth Form Boys, by "Quilibet." There are many good things in these, though we cannot conceive of the ordinary sixth form boy being interested by them. They are, at the same time, models of indoctrination by assumption [*e.g.*, that most of the class is sure to lose its faith in a year or two] and innuendo [that that is what all thoughtful men really do] and suggestion [that it is quite likely morality stands the surer for being dissociated from religion]. Mrs. F. K. Gregory writes *New Stories for Children*, and Mr. Gustav Spiller compiles *Songs of Love and Duty for the Young*.—We are not sure how dearly the Moral Instruction League loves these allies.

complacency which disfigures so many really laborious publications of theirs, even by trained writers (how vulgar, for instance, *Myth, Magic, and Morals* tastes now that its author has got himself into that galley!), for Mr. Vivian is really modest, really careful; really states facts as far as he possesses them—but it witnesses to that powerlessness to test or criticize authorities, to discriminate sources, to resist the hypnotism of names, to gain perspective, to avoid ill-formed dilemmas, and in general, to a certain awkwardness which shows that the writer is not really at his ease in the intellectual Zion.¹ But an author naive enough to quote pages of Mr. J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs* upon Mithra and the like (in which every line, almost, is open to dispute, if not contradiction), who can rely on Seydel and Bunsen upon Buddhism, and on Haeckel for embryological phenomena, and is impressed by the fact that Aeschylus' tragedy of the suffering Saviour Prometheus was acted *500 years before the Christian era* (italics his), who believes the existence of Lucretius of itself to refute any further belief in a "universal religious instinct;"² who argues, "Belief in the Resurrection is rapidly decaying in France to-day. Are cases of assault on women any the more prevalent on that account?"³ while the undisputed increase of vice in Japan is positively put down to the contact of that country with "Christian civilization,"⁴—well, such an author may well cause his book to circulate and do damage in circles of eager but unformed intellects, who cannot test what they read any more than he has tested what *he* read: and we feel our heart aching at the thought of the unpreparedness of those exposed to this infection. If only we, who care for the health of dogmatic religion, are careful concerning that preparation in our own schools and colleges, and have thought for the well-being of those—boys and girls—who (we are right in hoping) are destined to go up, soon, to the Universities!

¹ "Sir," said the deputy, "I am a self-made man." "Sir," retorted the president, "you relieve the Creator of a great responsibility." In the case of the self-educated, we suppose it is the Universities who are to be absolved.

² P. 314.

³ P. 290. To which one might say that crime *is* more prevalent there, and particularly among children, and particularly since the spread of irreligious education: and again, that improved police methods, or sheer spread of social instinct, might be expected to repress external manifestation of crime: or again, that crime and sin are, for the Christian, quite separate, and that there is no sign that men's *wills* are the purer and stronger and less vicious for the decay of beliefs.

⁴ P. 329. Whereas it is equally undisputed that the elements of European culture which Japan has assimilated are precisely *not* the Christian, but our modern commercialism, and the philosophy of a Spencer.

The R.P.A., which publishes Mr. Vivian's book, ended 1909 with 1,842 members (1,259 in 1907; ninety-four in 1899); its subscriptions were £1,336 os. 7d.; its local secretaries in London, nine; in the provinces, twenty-three; in India and the colonies, twenty-two; in foreign centres (Japan, Shanghai, Athens, Hungary, &c.), 7. It had published during the year seven new works (including its Annual for 1910),¹ and two numbers (*History of Astronomy*, by Professor George Forbes; of *Chemistry*, by Sir E. Thorpe) of its interesting shilling History of Science series. It re-issued five old works, and prepared three cheap reprints (one in three parts). It is, too, re-issuing the *Encyclopaedia Biblica* in cheap parts (i.—viii.) (and we suppose its ecclesiastical editors are quite content); and one scientific pamphlet. An enormous number of Mr. McCabe's *Martyrdom of Ferrer* were disposed of; within two months of that event, copies were circulating in Australia (two special Australian editions were afterwards printed), where Mr. McCabe made a triumphant tour in the spring. He gives a glowing account of his own efforts in the *Literary Guide*, as the R.P.A. organ is unalarmingly called, for August, 1910. This is a really pleasant and interesting bulletin (though again pervaded by that disturbing sense of the "second-rate" verging to vulgarity which we mentioned), and anyone who wants to know what the contemporary rationalist publications are, will find them well advertised in it, nor need we further advertise them on our own account. They cover the ground well, and range from the penny pamphlet to Mr. J. M. Robertson's ponderous volumes.² They appear on railway book-stalls, are preached from the R.P.A.'s platform, are on its library shelves, and given to free libraries. Drawing morals is dull work, nor shall we undertake it.

The success of this sort of literature is of course easy within certain limits, and the glee of its patrons, when success comes to them, is just what we should expect from men who do not see that they are deliberately setting for themselves an inferior standard, lowering the ideal of effort, and narrowing the field of spiritual human energies. Were we not pained to the heart by the sight of their own loss, in which they are so bent

¹ The eleventh Report, from which I take this, was published in February, 1910.

² Authors' names recur: Clodd, Gorham, Gould, McCabe, Robertson: the topics also: independent morals; historicity of the Gospels; sources of Christianity; Liberty; Modern economic and social conditions; agnostic heroes (Huxley, Holyoake, Paine), &c.

on making others share, we could almost be bored (may we be excused so tame a sentiment) by the spectacle of men who, having destroyed or damaged a beautiful and delicate thing of enormous value, chuckle at the noise of the falling fragments. It was so easy to do: the results are certainly noticeable, often irretrievable; wise men mourn over them, and pray for a new creative genius. Meanwhile, they will laboriously endeavour—acutely conscious of their insufficiency—to reconstruct the beautiful, broken thing, and safeguard what treasures still remain.¹

This success is visible chiefly in the sapping effect the R.P.A. has (we need dwell no more on this) upon uneducated minds with no chance of real free-thought or independent judgment, but also in the use a writer of great power, like Mr. Blatchford, can make of its publications.

His *God and My Neighbour*, which appeared first in the widely-read *Clarion*, has been sold all over the country, and is still in great demand. Its English is splendid after its kind; and its misstatements of facts, and other faults, are really not due to the author, but to the sources he trusts and cannot test. As to its disastrous effects I quote from a priest of long experience among the labouring classes of the big towns of the north:

I will give you my experience of B—— [he says], a town reeking with Socialism, and a place I came to know very intimately. As soon as a Catholic became inoculated with Socialism, he began to dabble with such books as *God and My Neighbour*, which led him on to the R.P.A. reprints. . . . I know of no single instance in that town of a Catholic becoming Socialist who did not speedily become Atheist. *God and My Neighbour* has done untold harm in the undermining of the faith of the ignorant workman. The R.P.A. reprints completed the disaster.

The largest bookseller in B——, who had his stall in the market-place, told me that these R.P.A. reprints sold like hot cakes. The numerous Socialistic-Atheistic lectures in the market-place did much to advertise this form of literature.

¹ Of course, the destruction of a religious belief, reaching out as it does into the infinite, has an audacity which makes it almost great. A fool is told that a painted window is precious; he pokes his umbrella through it. We can scarcely be angry, though we may arrest him. But when the visitor who was shown, by the shrine's guardian, the lamp which for 800 years had never been put out, forthwith extinguished it, and remarked that it was "out" enough *now*, he had ruined an idea, had laid his clumsy hand upon whole centuries . . . he had outstripped the limits of the commonplace. But when a man aims at "putting out lights in heaven," as the statesman said, well, personally he may be a fool, but objectively his "gesture" is, in a sense, "superb."

In his last chapter, "The Parting of the Ways," after an impassioned harangue against the ideal of Holiness, Mr. Blatchford can conclude:¹

Rightly or wrongly, I am for reason against dogma, for evolution against revelation; for humanity always: for earth, not Heaven; for the holiest Trinity of all,—the Trinity of man, woman, and child. The greatest curse of humanity is ignorance. The only remedy is knowledge. Religion, being based on fixed authority, is naturally opposed to Knowledge. . . . Let the Holy have their Heaven. I am a man, and an Infidel. And this is my apology.

Clearly, in view of an attack, especially of so well-organized a one as this is, no one can be contented to sit, like Vergil's shepherd, with folded hands, singing hymns. But worse almost than inactivity (because their conscience pricks even the inactive) is the resolution which expresses itself in the phrase that Something Must be Done, as if it were a case of drains, and the proper person was waiting outside with all his tools and just had to be sent for. If we think that the remedy exists, is to be easily obtained, is recognized as desirable, we assume easily that someone is sure to seek it, and meanwhile no one does anything, and we all catch typhoid.

In our horror, then, of remaining in the vague, we shall add to this paper a few suggestions which have reached us, or which offer themselves as tolerably practical—acknowledging, indeed proclaiming, that they are inadequate, that they do not cover the ground, that from many points of view they may seem disagreeable.

But each will need a few prefatory remarks.

We will grant that the scurrilous literature noticed in our first paper cannot directly be dealt with. Opponents who are not fighting just in order to kill, must be able to find some common ideal, or rules which both admit—here, *e.g.*, genuine desire of reaching the truth, and loyalty in dealing with the evidence. So we cannot fight men whose campaign is a money-making concern, exploiting destructive and unscrupulous passions. But it is possible to defend our own people: and it has been suggested that a large quantity of extremely simple "Lives" of scientific men should be printed, in which should be set forth (i.) the outline of the life of the personage in question; (ii.) the points in which the world is materially and intellectually

¹ P. 195.

the richer for his having lived; (iii.) evidence that his scientific pre-eminence did not interfere with his belief in God, immortality, sin; in Christianity, or Catholicism. Names like Pasteur, Lapparent at once occur, though these "Lives" would by no means be those of Catholics only. The myth-microbe that religion and science are necessarily at variance might thus be kept out of the sound constitutions of Catholic-educated boys and girls, who are impressed by examples.¹

It has further been asked whether short lists of quotations from men of notoriety—"admissions," in many cases, of our opponents—might not be encouraging and stimulating. They could be arranged under heads: God; the Old Testament; Miracles: Spencer's avowal of the practical need of an institutional Church, Carlyle on the Mass, Macaulay on the Papacy—these and the like might illustrate their subject. Men to-day, we hear, are moved more by authority than by reasoning,² and the sight of big names at any rate prevents one feeling a fool if one subscribes to opinions to which their owners too subscribed. And it is much, not to feel a fool when bombarded by an erudition, or at any rate by an argument, which personally one cannot answer.³

Again, a very simple treatment of assertions such as: Religion is good enough for women: Religion was instituted by priests: Religion is an affair of taste, a crutch for cripples,

¹ Such a series should be rated at no more than it is worth. Clearly, it will not prove everything. The religion of one "scientist" will not be that of another: many (sometimes more) names on the other side could be adduced. Deeper, but less striking, considerations are: that nothing is more likely than a real disadjustment of an enormous mass of newly-acquired knowledge (such as that provided by the modern development of the material sciences and arts) with the mind's traditional stock-in-trade. An inroad of new ideas pushes the old ones back till they become ghostly, ineffectual, almost incredible. Few minds are strong enough for large synthesis, especially of groups of laws operative, as it were, in worlds of four and three dimensions respectively. Dr. Walsh's *Catholic Churchmen in Science*, 1st and 2nd Series, and the North London Christian Evidence League's *Religious Beliefs of Scientists*, give excellent material of this sort, but both books are too large for general distribution, though they should be on every Catholic club's bookshelf.

² Paradoxically, the R P.A. publications are constantly bringing this home to us: at least, the thread of reasoning connecting the impressions of its readers will constantly be: What is said often and loud enough by men whose names I know (and by men who are presumably learned experts just because I *don't* know their names and have never seen their books), is very likely true, and anyhow I'm safe in repeating it with emphasis.

³ Were this scheme adopted, presumably a note, acknowledging that the quotation did not necessarily represent the complete nor even the final belief of the author would be but honest. Still, it is much to show that a great man owned there was a deal to be said for that side of the question which he did not himself agree with.

a phenomenon proper to the low phase of human evolution, would be useful, especially if each topic were printed first on separate sheets and freely distributable. Some very simple catechisms might also be devised, rather on the lines of the C.T.S. Social Catechism, which is itself more or less "after" the well-known "Red Catechism." Comparative Religion, Science, Ethics, might be treated like this, if the experts in each branch were unselfish enough to put their acquirements at the service of the many—loathsome as it may be to them to write without giving references, without qualifying, without mitigating their harsh, or general, or positive assertions, which is impossible in popular productions. Our Daniels really must come out of their dens, for the sake of those of their fellow-men who have not even a den to retire to, but are exposed all the day long to the ranging and roaring enemy.¹ But the experts are infinitely right when they demand that, when the authority for their statement is demanded, they should be able to refer to standard Catholic works. Of this more below.

Anyhow, this extremely simple matter will prove inadequate, directly a slightly higher level of education is reached, and anyhow will need proper application by the Presidents of Study-and-Reading-Clubs and the like. And here we come face to face with the need of our own education, and that of the more active lay-members of the different social layers who are anxious to help in Catholic defence and apostolate. Two years ago, at the Manchester Conference of the Catholic Truth Society I suggested, with infinite diffidence, that the higher religious education given in the upper classes in our colleges might include some elementary notions of the problems peculiar to the comparative study of religions. My surprise was almost as great as my gratitude, when I found how strongly his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, and others, endorsed and indeed emphasized this tentative suggestion, on account not only of the completeness of the religious education to be given in our schools, but of the imperative obligation we are under of putting weapons into boys' hands against the attack they are absolutely certain to experience before long. It may be doubted how satisfactorily a book might be constructed which should be

¹ And not only for their fellow-men's sake, but for their own—and this again for many reasons, one of which is, *that they may meet one another*, and not live in unsplendid isolation, gnawing their own livers. The ground wants mapping out; and only personal communication can lead to that co-operation which alone shall avoid overlappings and lacunae.

primarily useful to younger boys and girls at any rate, though it is clear that short but quite reliable books—say upon the great religions of the world and of past history, or on scientific subjects in their relation to religious teaching, would be welcomed at least by teachers. From many quarters we have heard it asked whether a *Manual* or *Handbook of Higher Catholic Instruction* might not soon be expected: nothing at present exists which is suitable for those who are training to be school-teachers; or are themselves at the Universities; or may be still at school, but possessed of unusual aptitude for study and a precocious readiness to assimilate new mental positions. Apparently the problems of philosophy (especially of moral philosophy), of ecclesiastical history, of the history of religions, of science &c., ought to be stated in it in the shape in which they are likely to be met with in the near future, or in the actual present, for we have known of schoolboys having the "moral superiority of Buddhism" thrust on them in their holidays; I was myself given diluted doses of Strauss at school; and recently I received a letter from an undergraduate who informed me that he was assured, at his University, that Christianity was a mere "branch" of ancient religions—Mithraism in particular.¹—It is proposed to begin at once a series of very clear historical expositions of the main Catholic dogmas, divested of all literary graces and rhetoric, unanxious even to produce very original and personal work, and quite likely destined to be entirely rewritten in five years. These will aim too at a succinct statement of the modern objections, with their solution, and copious references for further study. The mean between superficial "popularity" and aridly scientific treatment will, it is hoped, be preserved. Avenues of further enquiry will be indicated; and above all, strict intellectual honesty must at all costs be made apparent. Later these could be collected into *one section* of the Manual above referred to.

It has further been felt that a small *Handbook of Controversy and Apologetics* ought to be compiled, to show inquirers easily what literature we possess, and what it contains. In it, references to standard and accessible books would be grouped under

¹ "I told him he was a damned liar," he continued, "and that I'd give him my reasons for saying so in a month's time." *O robur et aes triplex!* But not all possess that armour, and a source of "reasons" should surely be ready to hand and easy to draw upon.

different headings, helping—shall we say?—a priest who might feel a little nervous about starting that excellent enterprize, the "Question Box," by making it simple for him to find the whereabouts of his answers.¹ Endless time and discouragement might thus be saved, and debates, essays, &c., in schools and clubs might be made far more telling and well nourished with forceful facts than they are. And incidentally we may refer to those working-men's *Study-Clubs* which are prospering so admirably abroad and are taking root in England. Recently, a priest in a large northern town wrote to say he had *refused* the request of five or six of his more intelligent young men to form and preside over such a club, because he felt himself too ill-equipped. At their reiterated request, he at length yielded: the club prospers, because he is ready to confess himself, too, in many things a learner. Clearly here is an opening for the *Handbook*, and here, too, is a place for discussion and examination and development of literature which we already possess—e.g., the C.T.S. lectures on the History of Religions, which are on the one hand inadequate as a source of knowledge, and need to be supplemented and correlated, and yet, on the other, may be found already too austere, too cramped, condensed, allusive to be attractive. Thus a spoken lecture on Egyptian or Chinese religion would make the printed lecture more intelligible; and the latter, re-read, would recall and make permanent the important points of the speaker. The *Catholic Social Guild*, recently inaugurated, is realizing already that it will be wise to propagate *general* apologetic literature besides the more strictly *social*, which it is directly intended to diffuse. For social principles flow themselves, in the long run, from great religious truths, and indeed the comparative study, in history, of the *social* effects of Christianity, of other faiths (Islam, Buddhism), and of secularism has a great importance. This Society, and the Catholic Reading Guild, &c., will find their power for good enormously increased, directly their catering for self-education is better recognized; directly our sodality meetings become more than places where doses of games and devotion

¹ Thus, under *Monasticism*, we might find references to sources for facts upon Walled-up Nuns, Maria Monk, Vows, Buddhist monasteries, Isiac ascetics, &c.: under *Pope*, to St. Peter at Rome, Pope Honorius, Pope Joan, "Our Lord God the Pope," the Mithraic *Pater Patrum* (in whose name, office, tiara, keys, and Vatican-residence the origin of much of Papal dignity is so often sought). We are glad to know that a book of this sort is in active preparation under the auspices of the C.T.S. It cannot appear too soon for the need of it.

are alternately administered, and directly we refuse to allow our *religious* ideas (numerous and developed as they may be) to revolve on a different axis from that of all our other knowledge. With it, too often, they never come in contact till the yawning gulf leads us to believe in an ultimate cleavage not to be transcended.

Unless we are mistaken, this drives us right back to the creation or further evolution of a Catholic apologetic literature for experts, or at least for students who are willing to go deeply into their subjects. Mark Pattison said, I think, that an age occupied in proving its belief did not believe at all. But at that rate Christianity never believed in itself, for from the very outset the work of its apostles was largely "apologetic," and proved the value of its claims, *e.g.*, from Old Testament prophecy; and again, it is our privilege and delight ever more completely to set out the harmony of our various branches of knowledge, and our duty to synthesize, where possible, their data. And this "harmony" is in itself a proof; though of course to set out *to* harmonize is a dangerous undertaking. What we want is, therefore, deep study and clear exposition. Even if we do not drive home conclusions and clinch the matter, really honest exposition of evidence is a very great thing. Misinterpretation is far more common than misstatement of facts, and misstatement is mostly due to preconceived ideas which send research astray. And even when the facts have adequately been set out by non-Catholic hands, we think that a certain instinct is justified which demands that, for Catholic purposes, even what has been done by others, should be dealt with again by our own people. So only can perfect trust be assured in the Catholic reader. The generalizations must rest on facts, and the facts must themselves have been looked in the face and tested by the theological expert.

Briefly, and at the risk of appearing arrogant, we may suggest the lines in which the historical study of "religion" might develop itself (for, the more "scientific" or social or philosophical horizons had best be examined by more accustomed eyes than ours).

One more purely an historian will find plenty of problems awaiting his attention. Could he but determine, as M. Darmesteter has sought to do with such interesting results, the dates of the stratification of later Persian literature, the

inter-relation of Jewish and Persian thought would be to a large extent cleared up; just as this sort of patient criticism of the Buddhist books has made impossible the theory (*pace* Messrs. Robertson, Vivian, and their friends), that the Scriptures, and Christian dogma generally, are indebted to Buddhism. A Catholic scholar could scarcely do better than to examine and check the facile conclusions of M. Cumont himself concerning the cult of Mithra, for which he has published with such unique accuracy and completeness the extant evidence; or to discuss the beautiful Græco-Egyptian cult of Isis, as presented by Plutarch and Appuleius, and detect, if he can, how far this refined philosophy and ethic popularized themselves; and, in general, the whole inter-relation (in history) of religion and morality.

It has been said that while the infancy of the Church is being so thoroughly investigated, its childhood—roughly the first half of the second century, I suppose—remains far more obscure. Here is the period of her expansion, then crystallization, and of those Gnostic eccentricities which merit far more attention than they have had, and this carries us directly back to that mysterious period of postexilic Jewish history in which the current Messianic and Eschatological ideas, the common meals, the popular cults, the possibility of miracle plays demand constant re-examination. No ulterior explanation of any Christian phenomenon, we are again and again most reasonably assured, should ever be sought, until Jewish antecedents have first proved impossible. Catholic missionaries, the Bishop of Salford has reminded us, have unparalleled opportunities of collecting and appraising information upon the "savage" religions—information so recklessly gathered and used by too many travellers, yet so important for discussing the problem of *Degeneration* which, if solved in one direction, ruins from the base the theory of the universal upward evolution of religious thought and practice. Mill Hill is already doing splendid work in this department; while at another of our institutes we remember that a sort of bureau was some time ago at work, which codified much information from foreign missions based on schedules of questions supplied by the British Museum, to which too the results were forwarded. Anyhow we have here a unique opportunity, which Father Schmidt's *Anthropos*—a journal susceptible of, and likely to receive, considerable expansion—is using to the full.

Between sheer history and almost pure theology lies that historical treatment of dogmas of which Father J. Lebreton's *History of the Dogma of the Holy Trinity* is the best example we can possibly ask. Each treatise thus becomes its own apologetic: the historical examination of the dogma revealing as it does an immutable identity beneath the costume lent to doctrine by the fashionable language of each age, and thus supplying sufficient, and indeed the only cogent *a posteriori* proofs, to one anxious to defend it.

One who is still more exclusively a theologian would do admirable work by elaborating in the light of history the ever expanding treatises which deal with faith, revelation, and especially the Church's teaching upon the primitive revelation, its character and content, examining the thesis that all features in alien faiths, similar to those of ours, are its fragmentary survival; and again, the theorem beloved of early Fathers, that these features are but diabolic trickery intended to confuse the Christian, and prevent conversions. Patrologists might further examine the converse theories—which sound so curiously modern—in which the Fathers dwell upon the amount of “natural” Christianity in pagandom, and the amount of “sanctified” paganism the chosen people were suffered to retain, or the early Church to assimilate. The whole *rationale* of “borrowing” by revealed from non-revealed religions needs stating clearly, and the extent to which natural instinct may spontaneously evolve similar practices and notions, and how far this may be applied to the outer and inner life of Judaism and Christianity. We do not deny that all this demands that rare phenomenon, the expert in two subject-matters, History and Theology, whose brain can hold and correlate two lines of thought and collections of facts not necessarily coincident. But, as Aristotle said, genius lies precisely in the power to see connections.

In what has been said¹ we trust that the notes of anger or contempt have nowhere been detected. Those who read popular Rationalistic literature are, as we have insisted, unable as a rule for lack of time or training to consult the sources: they swallow it greedily, for it gives them, appetizingly served up, a knowledge which seems to emancipate them mentally,

¹ The fact that much of this was originally spoken may perhaps excuse its too colloquial tone.

while socially it pictures a Utopia to which established institutions are the only bar. Let us have compassion on these multitudes. And the writers, who have access to books almost all—all, practically, in England,—by non-Catholics; themselves self-, and therefore almost inevitably half-educated, and bitter in consequence against a system which denied them the instruction they feel they could have used to such advantage; whose every antecedent has been so utterly different from what has been our fortune, they too must be judged gently as long as may be. The same facts show themselves differently to them and to us: evidence falls into different relations: ideas group themselves differently and connote different values. *Non ignara mali*, herself misunderstood through whole centuries, and now more than ever, the Church has learnt how to pity, and would fain succour, men whom it is so easy to misunderstand. Yet she, as already—or likely soon to be—sole guardian of dogma in this country, will strain every nerve to educate a generation of Catholics who shall be impervious to the doctrines of death that surround her. Every religious movement must be an *educational* movement, was one of Jowett's half-truths. "Cold heart is often the result of empty head" is the dictum of a shrewd observer and trainer of character. Yet while there are many besides Catholics who offer themselves as teachers to the country at large, and to our boys and girls directly they leave school—a thing to make the most irresponsible, most unimaginative of their earlier pedagogues to tremble—it would seem the Catholic Church alone will soon remember that not on bread alone, even the intellect's, doth man live: supernatural food is in her keeping, and without it the most learned starve.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

A "True Story of a Nun."

THE "perils that do environ the man who meddles with cold iron" are naturally more obvious when iron becomes steel, and most of all when the steel takes the form of a pen, for it is an axiom that "the pen is mightier than the sword." These perils do not, of course, often deter in their career veterans in that art the decay of which was lamented in one of the most brilliant essays of the latter part of the last century¹—an art which found an exponent in the locality where the parish clerk commented on a certain pronouncement which its utterer condemned as hasty—"Eh, David, gin ye had lived in this parish, ye might hae said it at your leasure!" Yet even Dr. Horton has been known to withdraw a charge under threat of legal proceedings—though, so far as I know, under no other circumstances; so that it is not only "into unlikeliest hearts," as Father Faber tells us, but under unlikeliest circumstances, that grace may make it "its boast to come."

But it is not only because writers allow their pens to run away with them that they find themselves in positions at which they had no intention of arriving. The Catholic Truth Society, for example, when it embarked upon its career, had no conception that it would be appealed to on every possible occasion for publications on every conceivable subject—it was within one week that we were asked to supply a pamphlet showing why all Catholics should vote Conservative, and a biography of the "Manchester Martyrs;" nor did its Lay Secretary imagine that he would be expected to add to his more useful routine work the provision of information on every kind of Protestant literary aberration. But he finds himself in this peril because—to come back to where we started—he has "meddled with cold iron;" the temptation to do something to show up the preposterousities of Protestants was too strong for him; he yielded, and it would appear that he must now "take the consequences of sich a sitiuation."

¹ *The Decay of Lying*. By Oscar Wilde.

I.

So it was that a month ago I received a letter containing a "wondrous history," as the writer rightly called it, of an occurrence in a church in Spain: "I am anxious to get at the root of the enclosed," she said, "and in the light of the 'Holy Donkey,' which I read yesterday, you are clearly *the* person to whom to apply." The *non sequitur* is not quite so striking as might appear, for, as will be seen on referring to this Review,¹ or the pamphlet entitled *The "Holy Donkey" and Another*, published by the Catholic Truth Society, one of the troubles in allocating the story of the donkey was the non-existence of any place bearing the name "Lighorno," where he was supposed to reside; while, as will appear later, the new "wondrous history," though in no way connected with the donkey, presents a similar difficulty, save that in this case the supposed event happened in many places under varying circumstances.

I am glad to say that the confidence of the writer of the letter was not altogether misplaced, as, although I have not ascertained the "root" of the story, I happen to know a good deal about it, for I have been for over a year endeavouring to ascertain something about the version which was printed by Mr. Max Pemberton in the issue of *Pearson's Weekly* for September 16, 1909—a matter to which I shall return later. Meanwhile, as the "wondrous history" is at once the most recent and the shortest of the versions before me, I will print it in full as a text for my investigations. The story, according to my informant, who of course is not herself in any way responsible for it, was told by the young men concerned in it to Miss X., who told Mrs. Y., who told Miss Z.,² from whose lips the narrative was taken down by my correspondent; and Miss Z. signed it as an accurate transcript of what she was told:—

In a village in Spain two young Englishmen who had been examining something in the church remained there till midnight. Then the church door opened, and a procession came in of priests and nuns chanting psalms. They were dragging a nun, who was alive. They took up part of the floor of the church and let her down, and then they put down the flooring again and went away. The young men went up to the spot and called, and one said to the other:

¹ THE MONTH, August, 1910, pp. 164, *et seq.*

² The names in each case are in my possession.

"I can't stand seeing a woman buried alive." But no answer was returned. They left the church and went to the Consul (or they may have stayed in the church till the morning; my friend is not sure of the *time* they left), and the Consul said they had better at once leave the country, as nothing could be done. He implied it would be as much as their life was worth to stay.

This account differs from the rest in that the interment partook of the nature of a semi-public function, and in this has more analogy with the popular "walled-up nun" stories than with the private proceedings subsequently to be discussed. In one point, however, all the stories agree; in no case did the witnesses of the outrage call public attention to its occurrence, even when, having had, as in the present case, to save their lives by flight, they found themselves in the freer air of England. In the present instance, however, so impressed was Mrs. Y. when the story reached her, that, my correspondent tells me, she "went to Sir A. B., formerly of the War Office, who told her he was afraid the statement was true, and that if he had been in office he could not even have said so much as that to her." It will surprise no one accustomed to study narratives of this kind that Sir A. B. no longer lives; the Jesuits are, as we know, fully aware of their responsibility in such cases.

II.

It was an earlier correspondent who sent me, on its publication, the narrative which stands second in this backward-dated chronology, calling attention to the fact that it was published in a specially advertised and attractive number (the thousandth) of *Pearson's Weekly*, over the name of a well-known Catholic writer, and that these circumstances rendered it more than usually mischievous. A paragraph calling attention to the story was published in *Catholic Book Notes*—which in its "Antidote" columns does work of the kind to which, at greater length, the "Flotsam and Jetsam" of this Review is devoted; and I wrote to the author, Mr. Max Pemberton, to know whether he could obtain any further information from "one of the greatest journalists of this or any time," on whose authority he based his narrative, assuring him that the story was what is commonly called a "chestnut," and rather a rotten one at that. I didn't use exactly these words, but those I employed put Mr. Pemberton's back up; he resented my

complaint, and said that the story would have been even more prominently produced if he had not taken it in hand, but promised to bring the matter before the great journalist—whose name he mentioned, although I do not; it is not difficult to guess—who, he understood, had obtained it from some one in a position at least as important as that of Sir A. B. before he left the War Office. From time to time, as letters before me show, I reminded the author of his promise but with no result; the journalist was on a journey, or peradventure he slept and could not be awakened to a sense of his responsibility. At last, however, he was interviewed, and on August 11, 1910, Mr. Pemberton, having learnt that "the story was without any foundation whatever," gave me leave to say this in his name: it is his opinion, he tells me, that the narrative appeared originally in a French newspaper, though what its source may have been he is quite unable to say. Mr. Pemberton added that he was "astonished" to find that the tale was baseless; the fact that any Catholic should have regarded it as even possibly true surely affords more legitimate ground for surprise.

I grieve to add that the perils to which I referred at the beginning of this paper became manifest towards the end of our correspondence. What seemed to me a natural expression of regret and surprise that Mr. Pemberton should have left the matter for twelve months unexplained was somewhat warmly resented by him, and he characterized my protest as "untrue." But as the article appeared on September 16, 1909, and as the managing director of *Pearson's Weekly* tells me he received a communication on the subject from Mr. Pemberton only a day or two before my letter of October 3, 1910, I do not think I was wrong either as to fact or opinion. The managing director, in his courteous reply to my letter, adds that after so long a period had elapsed it was impossible to return to the subject, although he would have been willing to publish a contradiction at the time the story was printed; and *his* position is quite reasonable.

It is fair, however, to say that Mr. Pemberton did not print the story without some kind of disclaimer. He prefaced it by saying:

Whether it be a true story or merely a picturesque lie, I know no more than the dead. It was told to me in a Paris hotel by one of the greatest journalists of this or any time. He may have read it in a book and forgotten it. He may have drawn it from his wonderful

store, the creations of his own brain. *But it is yet possible—and recent events in Spain would seem to support the assertion that there is a substratum of truth lying beneath it all, and that neither the actors nor the scene are imagined :*

and he adds at the conclusion :

A true story? I cannot tell you. But obviously the American Consul believed it to be true, and not only true, but, as he admitted in a subsequent letter, so well understood in certain circles at Seville that its narration would not have caused surprise.

When it is remembered that at this very time the Protestant press was giving wide currency to the story of the "torture chamber" and "bed of torture," said to have been discovered in a convent at Barcelona—ignoring, with characteristic unfairness, the explanation printed in the *Daily News*—and to the attacks upon religion which were then rampant in Spain, the significance of the passage I have italicized will be apparent, and the value of the disclaimer proportionately discounted.

It is time now, for purposes of comparison with the other variants, to give Mr. Pemberton's version of the story, somewhat abbreviated on account of the exigencies of space, which forbid me to indulge my readers with the literary touches which add to the picturesqueness of the narrative :

An American painter entered the great cathedral at Seville to make a copy of one of Murillo's masterpieces. . . . One night the fascinations of his task kept him long at his palette. He had ceased to remember the hours, did not observe the failing light. . . . To spend a night in a lonely chapel did not seem so dreadful a thing, for had he not his Spanish cloak in which to wrap himself, and was there not a carpet upon the altar-steps whereon he might lie? So he slept soundly for some hours—until a woman's shriek aroused him. . . . They were wild shrieks, awful cries of woe, and they echoed dreadfully beneath the great vault. Anon, our painter perceived two men dragging a nun down the side aisle—and the light of their lantern showed him plainly what they were doing.

Quite near to him there stood a great pillar—a stone of which was swung about at a touch, and a cavity revealed. Into this cavity the assassins thrust the nun, stifling her screams and deriding her appeals for mercy. Then they pushed back the stone into its place, and mortized the cracks, and having done as much they left the cathedral with quick steps. . . .

They released him at dawn, two vergers who expressed surprise at the misfortunes of an odd Americano. Too wise to whisper a word to

them, the painter went first to the pillar to be sure that he had not dreamed a dream—and, finding that his thumb could be filled by the still wet mortar, he hurried to the American Consul and told his story. And what think you the answer was? An immediate intimation that the woman must be saved; the promise of appeal to the Bishop, or to Madrid?

Nothing of the kind.

"My friend," said the Consul, "have you really seen this thing?"

The painter swore it was true.

"Then," said the Consul, "if you would save your own life, leave Seville by the first train you can catch. I myself will see that you go, for I know your peril."

It was in vain to protest. The Consul persisted; the appeals to a common humanity went unheard. In three hours the painter was on his way to the frontier, and has never set foot in Spain from that day to this.

I am quite willing to leave my readers to judge whether the impression likely to be created by this lurid and graphic account, with the details as to the American Consul—who was *particeps criminis*, if ever man was—is likely to be disposed of by the author's qualified disclaimer. As, however, Mr. Pemberton admits that the story—told to him as it was with such precise detail in the hope that he would make a book of it—is "without any foundation whatever," we may assume that the Consul's observations and "subsequent letter" are equally imaginary, and that the event *would* "have caused surprise" even in "certain circles at Seville." I note that the author has copyrighted the article in the United States, and I wonder what the United States authorities will think of the character assigned to one of their Consuls.

III.

Whether Mr. Pemberton found his story in a French newspaper I cannot of course say; nor do I know whether he is responsible for its transference to Spain at a time when she was "burning her convents and her churches," and when "recent events seemed to suggest a substratum of truth." But it will be observed that neither of the earlier versions place it in Spain and its location there in September, 1909, is at any rate a noteworthy coincidence.

I now proceed to give the variant which appeared in *The Protestant Woman* for March, 1904, under the heading which I have chosen for this paper. I print it in full, and would call special attention to the introductory sentence.

TRUE STORY OF A NUN.

The following terrible story has just been related to the writer by a minister of the Gospel and his wife, and their authority is unimpeachable :

A gentleman travelling in South America visited the cathedral of a city at which he made a stay. Being of an artistic nature, he set to work to copy some carving, or at least something that pleased him. This happened to be in rather a dark and out-of-the-way corner of the edifice. Becoming engrossed in his work, he did not observe that the hour of closing the cathedral had passed, and when he did he was much startled.

Rapidly gathering up his materials, he made for the great door, but only to find that it was securely fastened up. There was not a soul to be seen, nor in hearing, and after trying the other doors—only to find the same result—he at last made up his mind that he would have to spend the night in the church.

Making himself as comfortable as he could in the circumstances, he lay down upon the floor in his corner and fell asleep. In time he was awakened by a noise, and looking up he saw a door open somewhere behind the high altar—which was covered with the usual Popish accessories—and in the light that shone from the door he saw emerge two priests, bearing between them the agonized and helpless form of a nun, gagged and bound. Mercilessly dragging the half-dead, helpless woman along, they halted at a certain place in the church, and stooping, they raised one of the stones, disclosing a subterranean vault below. **Down into this vault they tossed the nun as they would have tossed a bone to a dog, or a dead rat upon a dust heap, and then, closing the trap, they went ruthlessly and remorselessly away.**¹

The stranger felt his whole soul rise within him at the pitiless and heartless murder he had just witnessed, and could scarcely refrain from springing upon its heartless perpetrators ; but the thought swiftly passed through his brain that he would have no chance with two such villains, and as the poor nun was then beyond all aid, he felt it would be wiser in every way to wait until the morning, and if he could get out without being seen, he would then make his way to the **British Consul**, and have the priests exposed and punished.

Accordingly, after his release in the morning, he did see the **Consul**, but who, to his surprise, informed him that he *could do nothing*, and advised the stranger if he valued his life to leave the place at once.

"So much then," continues the writer—"M. S. B."—"for Romanism and the conventual system in South America ;" and she proceeds in the approved *Protestant Woman* style to talk of Bible-burning, the Good Shepherd convents, Italian nuns—of

¹ The typography is that of the original.

whom Mr. J. W. Flower stated that a very large percentage go mad before they reach the age of twenty-five: "it is too frightful for words what these poor creatures must endure before reason gives way at twenty-five"—and winds up with a suggestion of various methods by which we can ensure that "the convents must go—that we are determined upon." The whole article is a singularly shocking example of bigotry and ignorance; but there is no necessity for me to labour this point, as it was driven home in a telling way by *Truth*, which, on January 6, 1905, published the following article:

In March last a paper called *The Protestant Woman*, the organ of the Women's Protestant Union, published a sensational article under the heading "The True Story of a Nun." A gentleman, whose wife was a subscriber to the paper, happened to read the story, and deeming it incredible, he wrote to the Secretary of the Union asking whether there was any evidence of its authenticity. This led to a correspondence which only terminated a week or two ago, and which has now been sent to me for notice. At first the inquirer was told, on the authority of the author of the story, that "it could be fully substantiated if needful," but that the incident it related "occurred some while ago" in South America. More precise details as to the date and place were requested, and the Secretary replied that the author of the story had asked her informant for these particulars. No such particulars were ever forthcoming, and it was finally admitted that the lady who wrote the article in *The Protestant Woman* heard the story from a Presbyterian minister, who heard it from "some people," who in their turn heard it "from friends of the man who witnessed the deed"! This eye-witness could not be traced, and it was explained that his friends would be exceedingly unlikely to give any details, lest they should "embarrass their relations" with their Roman Catholic neighbours. In fairness to the Presbyterian minister, it should be added that he says that when he told the story "quite casually" he mentioned that he had no guarantee of its truth. Such was the genesis of "The True Story of a Nun" with which the members of the Women's Protestant Union were regaled. Most of them probably swallowed it as gospel, being ready to believe any evil of Roman Catholics. Even when he was being interrogated as to the evidence in support of the story, the Secretary of the Union urged that it should be remembered and passed on "as a glaring instance of Rome's inhumanity and cruelty." It seems to me that the affair rather deserves to be passed on as a glaring instance of the credulity and uncharitableness of the Protestant bigots who circulated this cock-and-bull story.

This comment lacks nothing of severity, but it was supplemented in the issue of *Truth* of a fortnight later, in which, after

pointing out that the crime took place at an unspecified period in an unnamed city in "South America," the writer says:

It now appears that after doing duty in the organ of the Women's Protestant Union, this veracious narrative was reproduced in the *Christian Herald* with the embellishment of a picture representing the monks in the act of casting the nun, gagged and bound, to certain death in a deep vault beneath the floor of the cathedral. The *Catholic Herald* challenged the *Christian Herald* to give a single fact in support of the story, but the only reply was a repetition of the original reckless statement of *The Protestant Woman* that it rested upon unimpeachable authority. There is always a difficulty in overtaking a lie when once it has got a start, and in the case of lies disseminated to fan the flames of religious bigotry the difficulty is insuperable. The purveyors of this so-called "true story" must know perfectly well that it is a calumnious fabrication, but they have not the honesty to withdraw it, and Protestant fanatics will doubtless continue to expatiate upon the mythical murder by the two monks as an awful example of Catholic wickedness.

I have looked in vain in subsequent numbers of *The Protestant Woman* for any reference to this exposure, or for any attempt to justify the publication of this atrocious fiction. Sad and shocking as are the evidences of Protestant ignorance and bigotry which are constantly manifested, none is more distressing than this constant refusal to take any steps to remove the false impression conveyed by the ridiculous fictions which are put in circulation, no matter how thorough and how complete may be the exposure of their baselessness. This is intelligible on the part of those who make their living by the business, but it is incomprehensible that men and women of education, of whom Dr. Horton and Mrs. Arbuthnot may be taken as types, should not only promulgate and circulate these lies, but should refuse to withdraw them or even to publish any correction. They seem obsessed by the "strong delusion to believe a lie" of which Holy Scripture speaks, if indeed their consciences are not "seared with a hot iron."

IV.

But I must return to our story, the most detailed version of which is that which was given to the world by Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge, published by Kensit in 1891¹ for the "Conventual Inquiry Society"—an earlier name, apparently, for Mr. S. J. Abbott's Convent Enquiry Society, which forms

¹ It is not dated, but includes a quotation from a paper dated December 29, 1890.

the subject of a C.T.S. pamphlet.¹ So elaborate is the narrative and so different its ending that it may perhaps have an independent source, yet the main features seem to correspond with the rest. This "was related to the lady from whom I obtained it,"² who is at the present time living at Herne Hill, by a French girl, a native of Metz, some years ago. . . . This girl never went to confession," her father having told her of a girl who, having been directed by her mother to "confess herself," did so, and "HER MOTHER NEVER SAW HER AGAIN, and died soon afterwards." The fate of the girl was, however, revealed through a tourist who once got shut in the Metz cathedral and fell asleep. When he awoke it was dark, so he sat behind a pillar to wait till morning. Presently he heard "a key turning in the lock of the door," and looked to see who it was. "*It was a priest, carrying in one hand a basket containing a loaf and a bottle of water, and in the other a dead lantern.*" Thinking "the good priest" was "going to keep a vigil," the tourist's "heart warmed towards him;" but he went behind the altar, "touched something, and a door flew open." So the tourist followed him to the opening, "and presently he heard the voice of a weak woman pleading, and soon after the cry of a child." "He made a little mark where the spring of the door was," and in the morning called on the Prefect, the chief magistrate, and the Bishop, "telling them he had a *startling revelation* to make," and asking them "to meet him at the high altar." Instead of locking him up as a lunatic, they complied, the Bishop being accompanied by "all his clergy." Then he touched a spring and the door flew open; the Prefect, &c., went down, "but the *Curé of the Cathedral fell down in a dead faint.*" They found "an *emaciated young woman*, apparently in the last stage of decline, and TWO CHILDREN," one poorly clad, and one "mid nodings on." So they brought her up and some ladies looked after the children, and the woman told her story:

She said the day she had gone to "confess herself" she found the Curé at the door of the Cathedral. "Oh! my Father, I am so sorry! I have come to confess myself. I'm too late, as you are leaving." "Never mind, daughter, follow me, and I will confess you;" and she followed him up to the altar, when he touched the spring, and *dragged*

¹ It seems possible that Mr. Abbott's Society is not fulfilling the purpose for which it was ostensibly established, or that it no longer inspires confidence—there must be some limit even to Protestant credulity, for I read that a new "League of Freedom for the Inspection of Convents" has recently been established at Hampstead.

² I preserve the Deputy Surgeon-General's italics and capitals, which give a pleasingly diversified aspect to his pages.

her down the steps. Here he had kept her between three and four years. Two children had been born, and she had received no care but what the priest had given her. She died three months after in a deep decline. The priest was tried and convicted, and sentenced to twenty-one or twenty-two years at the galleys.

"And serve him right!" the Protestant reader will exclaim, convinced of the accuracy of the story by the copious details, and especially by the little touch of uncertainty at the end. Dates and names may be omitted, as they usually are in Protestant fiction; the story may rest on what a Frenchman told his daughter (who told the lady who told Deputy Surgeon-General Partridge) had happened in his youth—most Protestant stories have the structure of "the House that Jack built," and Dr. Horton is quite content with the edifice: but nothing shall induce the Deputy Surgeon-General to deviate into inaccuracy with regard to the punishment meted out to the culprit, although he must have been sorely tempted to insist on the longer period of galley labour. "And those ducks flew so thick," said the American, "that I took my shotgun, and I killed ninety-nine of 'em." "You might have made it a hundred," said an incredulous listener. "Sir," replied the narrator, "do you take me for the kind of man who would tell a lie for the sake of a single duck?"

Beyond this I cannot trace the story.¹ It undoubtedly goes much further back; perhaps some reader of *THE MONTH* may be able to obtain the original from some one whose friend may have heard from a traveller who encountered at Lighorno (where he had been visiting Miss Miller's "Holy Donkey"), an artist who told him that a Baptist minister of his acquaintance had met a lady whose husband in his youth had learnt from his grandfather that he once knew a man who said that he had witnessed something of the kind. In that case he (or she) had better not communicate with the Editor of *THE MONTH*, who must by this time have had more than enough of the subject, and it will hardly be worth while to write to me, who have shown my incapacity to deal with it. But the narrative, thus authenticated and substantiated, will doubtless find a welcome in the columns of the *Protestant Woman*, and Dr. Horton and Mr. Hocking will probably incorporate it in a future edition of *Shall Rome reconquer England?*

JAMES BRITTEN.

¹ As I read these pages in proof, I learn from the correspondent whose letter is responsible for them, that the version which stands first in my narration is well known in the West of England, where it is current in workshops.

Le Sillon.

Le Sillon.

*L'autre de mon
demi-mur de
putro ce me
mure m*

LA meilleure histoire du Sillon a été écrite par l'Encyclique qui le condamne. En dehors même de l'autorité divine qui environne toujours une parole de Pierre, dite à l'Eglise universelle ou à une Eglise particulière, ce document fait le plus grand honneur à la chancellerie pontificale. Toutes les qualités capables de le recommander s'y trouvent réunies. Une parfaite connaissance de la question acquise par une longue et patiente étude, une clarté souveraine qui fait la lumière sur les coins les plus obscurs, une précision absolue qui rend les équivoques impossibles, cette parfaite probité—si rare dans les discussions humaines—qui donne ou laisse aux choses leurs exactes proportions, enfin jusqu'à cet accent de bonté paternelle qui ne confond pas l'erreur avec ceux qui pour la plupart ont erré de bonne foi. Il suffira de suivre pas-à-pas ce magnifique document. On y verra d'abord—les espérances que donnaient à l'Eglise les temps heureux du Sillon—les erreurs qui ont amené sa condamnation—les mesures disciplinaires que le Saint Siège a prises dans le but de séparer le bon grain de l'ivraie.

I.

Oui, le Sillon a connu des heures glorieuses, et le Souverain Pontife les rappelle au début de l'Encyclique :

C'était au lendemain de la mémorable Encyclique de Notre prédécesseur, d'heureuse mémoire, Léon XIII., sur la condition des ouvriers. L'Eglise, par la bouche de son chef suprême, avait déversé sur les humbles et les petits toutes les tendresses de son cœur maternel, et semblait appeler de ses vœux des champions toujours plus nombreux de la restauration de l'ordre et de la justice dans notre société troublée. Les fondateurs du *Sillon* ne venaient-ils pas, au moment opportun, mettre à son service des troupes jeunes et croyantes pour la réalisation de ses désirs et de ses espérances? Et, de fait, le *Sillon* éleva parmi les classes ouvrières l'étendard de Jésus-Christ, le signe du salut pour les individus et les nations, alimentant son activité sociale aux sources de la grâce, imposant le respect de la religion aux milieux

les moins favorables, habituant les ignorants et les impies à entendre parler de Dieu, et souvent, dans des conférences contradictoires, en face d'un auditoire hostile, surgissant, éveillé par une question ou un sarcasme, pour crier hautement et fièrement sa foi. C'étaient les beaux temps du *Sillon* ; c'est son beau côté qui explique les encouragements et les approbations que ne lui ont pas ménagés l'épiscopat et le Saint-Siège, tant que cette ferveur religieuse a pu voiler le vrai caractère du mouvement sillonniste.

S'il est permis d'interrompre cet exposé historique, nous descendrons à quelques souvenirs de détail : la chronique vient volontiers après l'histoire ; elle explique de grands courants d'opinions par des menus faits, par des anecdotes. En voici quelques unes.

Les jeunes sillonnistes n'avaient aucun respect humain. Ils mettaient plutôt un certain orgueil à braver l'opinion publique. Un jour cinq ou six d'entre eux s'éloignaient d'une grande ville pour faire dans la campagne voisine la propagande de leur journal : *l'Eveil démocratique*. Chemin faisant, ils passent devant l'une des grandes Croix que la piété de nos pères a dressées fréquemment au bord des grand' routes. Le groupe s'arrête, les jeunes gens se découvrent, et, agenouillés sur la poussière, ils font une fervente adoration. Un tel spectacle était rare. Il étonnait ceux qui le voyaient, mais non ceux qui le donnaient. Ils étaient habitués à cette belle intrépidité de la Foi. Grâce à eux la prière prenait droit de cité dans les ateliers et dans les casernes. Un sillonniste ne se gênait nullement pour se mettre à genoux dans *la chambrée*, au milieu des soldats, afin de dire, avant de prendre son sommeil, la prière du soir.

Aucun sacrifice ne leur coûtait pour le *service de la cause* ou pour la *cause* comme ils disaient plus simplement—Qu'on me permette un souvenir personnel. C'était, si je ne me trompe, en Mai ou en Juin 1905, à Paris, au siège du *Sillon*, boulevard Raspail. Une réunion des délégués de quartiers était indiquée pour neuf heures du soir. On avait choisi cette heure tardive parce que d'autres heures retenaient dans leurs bureaux ou leurs ateliers les jeunes sillonnistes. Incapables de prendre sur leur travail, ils prenaient volontiers sur leur repos. Ce soir-là 99 délégués étaient convoqués, 97 étaient présents. Les deux qui manquaient se faisaient excuser, ils étaient retenus dans leur paroisse pour défendre leur église et la prédication que les apaches menaçaient d'envahir et de troubler. Ainsi sur une centaine de convoqués, pas un vide, pas une absence qui ne fut justifiée.

La séance se prolongea jusqu'à onze heures et demie sans que l'on remarquât un signe de fatigue ou de lassitude. Tous parlaient clairement, sobrement ; tous écoutaient silencieusement, avidement pourrait-on dire. C'est dans ces conversations que se formait l'âme commune du *Sillon*, c'est-à-dire une même manière de sentir, de penser, de parler.

Le Sillon était aussi, comme il aimait à se définir, une amitié. Elle était très vive et très profonde entre les camarades. Un sillonniste était un frère pour un autre sillonniste—L'un d'eux arrivait-il dans une ville étrangère, il s'y trouvait entouré et soutenu par des amis dévoués qu'il ne se connaissait pas—Il y avait comme un souvenir de l'Evangile et des premiers Chrétiens si tendrement unis. Point de règles ou de règlements, pas de statuts, à peine des usages que le temps n'avait pas encore consacrés. Tout le Sillon se résumait en Marc Sangnier, vivait par le charme de sa personne et de sa parole. La grande loi, sinon écrite, du moins gravée, dans les cœurs était de vivre comme Marc, de penser comme Marc.

C'est ainsi que le *Sillon* se fixait entre des limites, sans cela un peu flottantes. Le œuvre était tout entière dans l'ouvrier. Des qualités uniques, une grande richesse de cœur, le don de séduire beaucoup de ceux qui l'approchaient, expliquent cette situation et, dans une certaine mesure, la justifient, néanmoins, comme on ne tarda point à la reconnaître, elle créait un péril.

Cependant le *Sillon* conquérait de profondes et généreuses sympathies—de même qu'il suscitait une violente opposition. On venait à lui de bien des régions qui ne se seraient pas ouvertes à une influence purement catholique et moins encore purement ecclésiastique. Il comptait de nombreux adhérents parmi les membres de l'Université, les lycéens, les soldats et les ouvriers. Les qualités des sillonnistes expliquent, en partie, ces conquêtes. On aimait, on admirait leur courage, leur entrain, leur bonne humeur, la pureté de leurs mœurs. Cependant ces raisons très réelles seraient insuffisantes à expliquer leur succès. Il était dû à d'autres causes plus profondes. Les sillonnistes se disaient républicains, démocrates, ils semaient des paroles hardies, ils ouvraient leurs rangs à des amitiés ou à des alliances étrangères. Ces idées, ces paroles, ces ouvertures, plaisaient ou déplaisaient singulièrement, car le *Sillon*, durant toute son existence assez tourmentée eut cette fortune de ne pas laisser les âmes indifférentes.

Revenons sur ces quelques points :—

Le *Sillon* était republicain. Il l'était avec une telle sincérité qu'il avait convaincu de son loyalisme l'opinion publique, toujours un peu défiante à l'égard des catholiques—Il ne subissait pas la république, il l'acceptait, il la voulait, il l'aimait, il l'aimait malgré ses défauts, non seulement parce qu'elle est en France, à l'heure actuelle, la forme légitime du pouvoir, mais parce que, à ses yeux, elle constitue le meilleur gouvernement possible.

Au milieu d'un Congrès un auditeur demandait à Marc Sangnier ce qu'il ferait si nous avions au pouvoir un excellent roi. Marc Sangnier répondit par une sorte de boutade : "Je demanderais à votre excellent prince de démissionner et d'avoir assez de vertus pour être republicain."

On ne s'étonnera pas que des éléments de force mais aussi des germes de faiblesse se rencontrassent dans cette attitude. Les masses populaires étaient heureuses de voir le fait republicain accepté sans conteste ; l'affection que de jeunes catholiques témoignaient à un régime souvent suspecté leur disait qu'il n'y avait pas incompatibilité absolue entre l'Eglise et la constitution du pays. L'action du *Sillon* y gagnait en vigueur et en lumière. C'était le beau côté. D'autre part ces mêmes sentiments irritaient l'opinion royaliste ; dans ce milieu naissaient et grandissaient des colères qui ne désarmeraient pas.

Comme il était republicain, le *Sillon* était démocrate. Il l'était peut-être avec une certaine chaleur qui exagère volontiers. Tandis que l'Eglise entend par démocratie surtout une action bien-faisante à l'égard des classes laborieuses ; lui entendait surtout un régime politique. On n'était vraiment en démocratie que sous la République. La démocratie postule la République, disait-on ; quelques uns ajoutaient aussi que l'Evangile postule la démocratie, comme si les enseignements divins ne trouvaient toute leur vertu que dans ce cadre.

Ces idées étaient exposées dans une langue riche, sonore, quelquefois un peu confuse, mais peut-être, à cause de cela même, plus savoureuse et plus conquérante. On sortait de tel congrès avec la résolution pour chacun de porter au maximum *la conscience de ses responsabilités*. C'était fort beau, mais un peu vague. S'il s'agissait de fonder une coopérative, on promettait de lui apporter sa *force de consommation*. On eut mieux compris que tout sillonniste se fournirait aux boutiques ouvertes par le *Sillon*. Mais c'eût été trop simple.

Ces équivoques ont pesé sur toute l'existence du *Sillon*.

Par exemple il se disait un groupe catholique, mais on entendait sa profession de foi mieux qu'on ne voyait sa soumission. Où étaient les Supérieurs ecclésiastiques ? Le *Sillon* répondait que les Supérieurs ecclésiastiques n'avaient pas à intervenir, puisque les Sillonnistes ne s'occupaient que d'institutions économiques ou politiques. Au fond leur grand travail était la construction de la cité future. Là encore les esprits sages n'étaient pas sans inquiétude. Quelle serait cette cité future et pourquoi la construire sans la direction de l'Eglise appelée sans doute à vivre dans cette cité ? Les Sillonnistes répondaient encore que l'Evangile était la règle de leurs pensées. Et de nouveau cette réponse, si édifiante qu'elle fût, ne rassurait pas tout le monde. En effet, la règle de la foi n'est point dans l'interprétation des Ecritures, elle est dans le magistère de l'Eglise.

Ces premières appréhensions étaient rendues plus vives par des alliances vraiment suspectes que "le plus grand Sillon," comme il s'appelait alors, contractait avec des protestants et des libres penseurs. Son intention était de les ramener à lui et à la Religion ; dans le fait, le résultat eût-il répondu à l'attente ? Les Sillonnistes couraient plus le risque d'altérer la foi chez eux que de la répandre chez leurs alliés.

Ce bref exposé suffit à expliquer comment le *Sillon* a scindé, à son sujet, l'opinion catholique française. Il avait donc, comme on l'a déjà indiqué des partisans et des adversaires qui se prononçaient pour ou contre lui, quelquefois avec une sorte de passion. Elle se comprend chez les uns et chez les autres. Les partisans voyaient surtout les personnes, dignes assurément, pour la plupart, de grandes louanges ; les adversaires voyaient surtout les idées et les opinions, ils en signalaient le danger, d'autant plus à craindre, disaient-ils, que l'erreur se paraît du charme de la piété et du zèle. Ces divers sentiments s'expliquent en eux-mêmes d'abord, et aussi par suite de la diversité des conditions locales. Le *Sillon*, si uni qu'en fussent les membres, n'était pas le même dans toutes les régions. Tel évêque louait les Sillonnistes de son diocèse, tel autre au contraire les blâmait et les avertissait. Ce n'était pas l'opposition telle que l'Ecole la définit, puisque l'on ne parlait pas des mêmes personnes, ce n'était pas l'union non plus. Toutefois il devenait évident que les adversaires étaient plus nombreux que les partisans. Mais Rome craignant une polémique qui eut souligné la division des esprits, malgré l'extrême courtoisie des lettres épiscopales, demandait à tous de s'enfermer dans le silence. Elle annonçait ainsi qu'elle parlerait—à son heure.

II.

L'encyclique sur le *Sillon* adressée aux cardinaux Coullié Luçon, Andrieu et aux archevêques et évêques français, fut donnée à Rome près S. Pierre le 25 août 1910. Ce grave document comprend un enseignement doctrinal et des mesures disciplinaires. Pie X. enseigne et il ordonne.

Les enseignements nous occuperont d'abord. Le Pape, avant d'énumérer les erreurs *théologiques, politiques, économiques* qu'il relève dans le *Sillon*, avertit les Sillonnistes qu'ils tombent bien sous le coup de ses censures. Vainement pour y échapper, ils invoqueraient le caractère laïque ou civil de leur effort. Non point, répond l'encyclique :

La vérité est que les chefs du *Sillon* se proclament des idéalistes irréductibles, qu'ils prétendent relever les classes laborieuses en relevant d'abord la conscience humaine, qu'ils ont une doctrine sociale et des principes philosophiques et religieux pour reconstruire la société sur un plan nouveau, qu'ils ont une conception spéciale de la dignité humaine, de la liberté, de la justice et de la fraternité, et que, pour justifier leurs rêves sociaux, ils en appellent à l'Evangile interprété à leur manière, et, ce qui est plus grave encore, à un Christ défiguré et diminué. De plus, ces idées ils les enseignent dans leurs cercles d'études, ils les inculquent à leurs camarades ; ils les font passer dans leurs œuvres. Ils sont donc vraiment professeurs de morale sociale, civique et religieuse ; et, quelques modifications qu'ils puissent introduire dans l'organisation du mouvement silloniste, nous avons le droit de dire que le but du *Sillon*, son caractère, son action ressortissent au domaine moral, qui est le domaine propre de l'Eglise, et, qu'en conséquence, les Sillonnistes se font illusion lorsqu'ils croient évoluer sur un terrain, aux confins duquel expirent les droits du pouvoir doctrinal et directif de l'autorité ecclésiastique.

Après ce préambule, l'Encyclique descend dans le détail.

Il n'y a pas de vraie fraternité en dehors de la charité chrétienne qui, par amour pour Dieu et son Fils Jésus-Christ, notre Sauveur, embrasse tous les hommes pour les soulager tous et pour les amener tous à la même foi et au même bonheur du ciel. En séparant la fraternité de la charité chrétienne ainsi entendue, la Démocratie, loin d'être un progrès, constituerait un recul désastreux pour la civilisation. Car, si l'on veut arriver, et nous le désirons de toute notre âme, à la plus grande somme de bien-être possible pour la société et pour chacun de ses membres par la fraternité, ou comme on dit encore par la solidarité universelle, il faut l'union des esprits dans la vérité, l'union des volontés dans la morale, l'union des cœurs dans l'amour de Dieu

et de son Fils, Jésus-Christ. Or, cette union n'est réalisable que par la charité catholique, laquelle seule, par conséquent, peut conduire les peuples dans la marche du progrès vers l'idéal de la civilisation.

Or cette charité, l'active ouvrière du mouvement social, nous vient par Jésus-Christ. Et sans Lui, nul ne travaille utilement à l'ornement ou au bonheur de la cité.

Mais à la réalisation de ce bonheur temporel et éternel, Il a mis, avec une souveraine autorité, la condition que l'on fasse partie de son troupeau, que l'on accepte sa doctrine, que l'on pratique la vertu et qu'on se laisse enseigner et guider par Pierre et ses successeurs. Puis, si Jésus a été bon pour les égarés et les pécheurs, il n'a pas respecté leurs convictions erronées, quelque sincères qu'elles parussent. Il les a tous aimés pour les instruire, les convertir et les sauver.

Le Pape relève deux erreurs contre cette première vérité ; l'une concerne les ouvriers, l'autre l'œuvre qu'ils veulent édifier.

Les ouvriers ne peuvent pas être, comme le demandait ou l'acceptait le *Sillon*, indifféremment hérétiques ou libres penseurs.

Les camarades catholiques travailleront entre eux dans une organisation spéciale à s'instruire et à s'éduquer. Les démocrates protestants et libres penseurs en feront autant de leur côté. Tous, catholiques protestants et libres penseurs, auront à cœur d'armer la jeunesse, non pas pour une lutte fratricide, mais pour une généreuse émulation sur le terrain des vertus sociales et civiques.¹

De tels ouvriers ne peuvent construire qu'une œuvre informe, confuse, une sorte d'église qui s'élèverait au-dessus de la véritable Eglise. Le Pape le dit et ce sont ses paroles les plus sévères. Après avoir rappelé le manifeste où le *Sillon* déclarait s'ouvrir à tous les hommes, quelles que fussent leurs croyances, il ajoute :

Oui, hélas ! l'équivoque est brisée ; l'action sociale du *Sillon* n'est plus catholique ; le Silloniste, comme tel, ne travaille pas pour une coterie et "l'Eglise, il le dit, ne saurait à aucun titre être bénéficiaire des sympathies que son action pourra susciter." Etrange insinuation vraiment ! On craint que l'Eglise ne profite de l'action sociale du *Sillon* dans un but égoïste et intéressé, comme si tout ce qui profite à l'Eglise ne profitait pas à l'humanité ! Etrange renversement des idées : c'est l'Eglise qui serait la bénéficiaire de l'action sociale, comme si les plus grands économistes n'avaient pas reconnu et démontré que c'est

¹ Marc Sangnier, Paris, mai, 1910.

l'action sociale, qui, pour être sérieuse et féconde, doit bénéficier de l'Eglise. Mais plus étranges encore, effrayantes et attristantes à la fois, sont l'audace et la légèreté d'esprit d'hommes qui se disent catholiques, qui rêvent de refondre la société dans de pareilles conditions et d'établir sur la terre, par dessus l'Eglise catholique, "le règne de la justice et de l'amour," avec des ouvriers venus de toute part, de toutes religions ou sans religion, avec ou sans croyances, pourvu qu'ils oublient ce qui les divise : leurs convictions religieuses et philosophiques, et qu'ils mettent en commun ce qui les unit : un *généreux idéalisme* et des forces morales prises "où ils peuvent."

Pie X. insiste sur la conséquence de cette erreur.

Nous craignons qu'il n'y ait encore pire. Le résultat de cette promiscuité en travail, le bénéficiaire de cette action sociale cosmopolite, ne peut être qu'une démocratie qui ne sera ni catholique, ni protestante, ni juive ; une religion (car le Sillonisme, les chefs l'ont dit, est une religion) plus universelle que l'Eglise catholique, réunissant tous les hommes devenus enfin frères et camarades dans "le règne de Dieu."—"On ne travaille pas pour l'Eglise, on travaille pour l'humanité."

Après l'erreur théologique le Pape condamne l'erreur politique.

En vu de certaines querelles élevées entre les catholiques sur le sens exact qu'il convient de donner à ce mot : la Démocratie Chrétienne, Léon XIII. avait écrit dans l'Encyclique : *Graves de Communi.*

Il serait condamnable de détourner à un sens politique le terme de *démocratie chrétienne*. Sans doute, la *démocratie*, d'après l'étymologie même du mot et l'usage qu'en ont fait les philosophes, indique le régime populaire ; mais, dans les circonstances actuelles, il ne faut l'employer qu'en lui ôtant tout sens politique, et en ne lui attachant aucune autre signification que celle d'une bienfaisante action chrétienne parmi le peuple. En effet, les préceptes de la nature et de l'Evangile étant, par leur autorité propre, au-dessus des vicissitudes humaines, il est nécessaire qu'ils ne dépendent d'aucune forme de gouvernement civil ; ils peuvent pourtant s'accommoder de n'importe laquelle de ces formes, pourvu qu'elle ne répugne ni à l'honnêteté, ni à la justice.

On oubliait cet enseignement si clair, si précis et encore si récent. D'aucuns disaient que la démocratie Chrétienne, celle même que les Souverains Pontifes ont définie l'action bienfaisante à l'égard du peuple, postule la forme républicaine. Pie X. voit ici une confusion dangereuse de nature à troubler

l'Etat. Pourquoi en effet exclure, parce qu'ils vivent sous une monarchie, les Anglais, les Allemands, les Espagnols et les autres de cette démocratie qui prescinde de tout système politique ? Le Pape réprovoe cet exclusivisme du *Sillon* :

Son catholicisme ne s'accommode que de la forme du gouvernement démocratique, qu'il estime être la plus favorable à l'Eglise et se confondre pour ainsi dire avec elle ; il inféode donc sa religion à un parti politique. Nous n'avons pas à démontrer que l'avènement de la démocratie universelle n'importe pas à l'action de l'Eglise dans le monde ; nous avons déjà rappelé que l'Eglise a toujours laissé aux nations le souci de se donner le gouvernement qu'elles estiment le plus avantageux pour leurs intérêts. Ce que nous voulons affirmer encore une fois, après notre prédécesseur, c'est qu'il y a erreur et danger à inféoder, par principe, le catholicisme à une forme de gouvernement ; erreur et danger qui sont d'autant plus grands lorsqu'on synthétise la religion avec un genre de démocratie dont les doctrines sont erronées.

Reste à signaler d'autres erreurs sur le domaine économique. En général le *Sillon* a trop demandé aux hommes et trop demandé aux institutions humaines.

Il a trop demandé aux hommes en poussant le principe d'égalité plus loin qu'il ne peut aller. Quels que soient les progrès de l'éducation populaire, jamais on ne fera de tous les citoyens autant de rois et de tous les ouvriers autant de patrons

Le *Sillon* travaille [dit-il] à réaliser une ère d'égalité qui serait par là-même une ère de meilleure justice. Ainsi, pour lui, toute inégalité de condition est une injustice ou, au moins, une moindre justice ! Principe souverainement contraire à la nature des choses, générateur de jalousie et d'injustice et subversif de tout ordre social. Ainsi la démocratie seule inaugurerait le règne de la parfaite justice ! N'est-ce pas une injure faite aux autres formes de gouvernement qu'on ravale, de la sorte, au rang de gouvernements de pis-aller impuissants ?

C'est que le *Sillon* se fait une fausse idée de la dignité humaine ; et la sonorité des mots—comme aussi l'indépendance des études—rendent plus dangereuses les illusions sociales.

D'après lui, l'homme ne sera vraiment homme, digne de ce nom, que du jour où il aura acquis une conscience éclairée, forte, indépendante, autonome, pouvant se passer de maître, ne s'obéissant qu'à elle-même et capable d'assumer et de porter, sans forfaire, les plus graves responsabilités. Voilà de ces grands mots avec lesquels on exalte le sentiment de l'orgueil humain ; tel un rêve qui entraîne l'homme sans lumière, sans guide et sans secours dans la voie de

l'illusion, où, en attendant le grand jour de la pleine conscience, il sera dévoré par l'erreur et les passions.

Après s'être trompé sur les hommes, le *Sillon* s'est trompé sur les institutions humaines. Là encore il a exagéré leur vertu. Certes le Pape ne se contredit pas, il ne revient pas, pour les effacer, sur les louanges qu'il a données si souvent aux corporations, même rajeunies, sous la forme plus moderne de syndicats. Mais le Saint Siège ne veut tromper personne, il attend beaucoup de ces institutions, il en attend pour une bonne part la restauration de la cité chrétienne, il n'en attend pas le chimérique et l'impossible. Il voit une utopie dans ces paroles du *Sillon*.

Soustrait à une classe particulière, le patronat sera si bien multiplié que chaque ouvrier deviendra une sorte de patron. La forme appelée à réaliser cet idéal économique n'est point, affirme-t-on, celle du socialisme ; c'est un système de coopératives suffisamment multipliées pour provoquer une concurrence féconde et pour sauvegarder l'indépendance des ouvriers qui ne seront enchaînés à aucune d'entre elles.

Quels que soient les progrès, quelles que soient les réformes, l'accroissement du bien-être et celui de la justice, lors même que la rétribution du travail serait changée, il resterait que tout homme doit compter avec l'épreuve, que le chemin du ciel est une route où il faut marcher en portant la croix. L'Eglise bénit et encourage les efforts ; elle ne permet pas que, contrairement à la raison et à l'expérience, contrairement aux données de la révélation et à la sagesse de l'Evangile, l'homme se promette ou promette aux autres le paradis sur terre.

III.

Le *Sillon* a donc erré sur le triple terrain de la théologie, de la politique et de l'économie sociale. L'œuvre sociale est-elle atteinte en elle-même par la condamnation qui tombe sur quelques ouvriers ? Nullement, rien ne serait plus opposé à la pensée du Pape. Il prend soin de la déclarer, il suffit d'entendre.

D'abord, les membres de l'ancien *Sillon* sont invités à reprendre leur travail social sous la direction de leurs évêques respectifs.

Quant aux membres du *Sillon*, Nous voulons qu'ils se rangent par diocèses pour travailler sous la direction de leurs évêques respectifs, à

la régénération chrétienne et catholique du peuple, en même temps qu'à l'amélioration de son sort.

Ils continueront ainsi la tradition catholique, c'est-à-dire l'union des deux pouvoirs : le pouvoir religieux et le pouvoir civil.

De tous temps l'Eglise et l'Etat, heureusement concertés, ont suscité dans ce but des organisations fécondes ; l'Eglise, qui n'a jamais trahi le bonheur du peuple par des alliances compromettantes, n'a pas à se dégager du passé et il lui suffit de reprendre, avec le concours des vrais ouvriers de la restauration sociale, les organismes brisés par la Révolution et de les adapter, dans le même esprit chrétien qui les a inspirés, au nouveau milieu créé par l'évolution matérielle de la société contemporaine : car les vrais amis du peuple ne sont ni révolutionnaires, ni novateurs, mais traditionnalistes.

Les évêques sont appelés par un titre supérieur à donner leur concours.

De plus, comme dans le conflit des intérêts, et surtout dans la lutte avec des forces malhonnêtes, la vertu d'un homme, sa sainteté même ne suffit pas toujours à lui assurer le pain quotidien, et que les rouages sociaux devraient être organisés de telle façon que par leur jeu naturel ils paralysent les efforts des méchants et rendent abordable à toute bonne volonté sa part légitime de félicité temporelle, Nous désirons vivement que vous preniez une part active à l'organisation de la société dans ce but.

Aucun doute n'est possible sur la pensée du Pape : il veut l'œuvre sociale. Sans cette volonté manifeste et persévérante il ne la recommanderait point avec cette singulière insistance tantôt aux évêques et aux prêtres, tantôt aux simples fidèles. Toutefois les mêmes paroles qui pressent d'agir les uns et les autres insistent sur la nécessité d'agir avec prudence, avec mesure, en consultant l'opportunité des temps et des lieux. L'œuvre sociale ne s'improvise pas. Un syndicat par exemple ne se fonde pas sans syndiqués. Le Souverain Pontife le sait, il nous avertit, ses conseils sont inspirés par sa haute sagesse, comme aussi, s'il est permis de le dire, par cet impérieux besoin de faire partout l'ordre et la lumière qui signale à l'admiration et à la reconnaissance de l'Eglise le règne de Pie X. Il s'occupe d'abord des ouvriers sociaux.

A leur tête le Pape ne veut ni des incompetents, ni des téméraires. Il demande aux évêques de distinguer entre leurs

prêtres. Tandis que les uns, les plus nombreux, s'occuperont aux travaux ordinaires du ministère, d'autres seront réservés à l'étude et à la direction des œuvres sociales.

Nous désirons vivement que vous preniez une part active à l'organisation de la société dans ce but [pour assurer à tous une part légitime de félicité temporelle.] Et à cette fin, pendant que vos prêtres se livreront avec ardeur au travail de la sanctification des âmes, de la défense de l'Eglise, et aux œuvres de charité proprement dites, vous en choisirez quelques-uns, actifs et d'esprit pondéré, munis des grades de docteur en philosophie et en théologie, et possédant parfaitement l'histoire de la civilisation antique et moderne et vous les appliquerez aux études moins élevées et plus pratiques de la science sociale, pour les mettre, en temps opportun, à la tête de vos œuvres d'action catholique.

Quelques uns parmi les catholiques estiment que les ouvriers sociaux sont trop nombreux et qu'ils font trop de choses ; ils essaieront, et déjà ils essaient, de tirer à eux la parole du Pape et de l'exploiter au profit de leur opinion. Voyez, diront-ils, le Pape ouvre la carrière à un petit groupe et il la ferme à la multitude.

Cette conclusion paraît excessive. Il est vrai que le Pape souhaite que les évêques choisissent quelques membres de leur clergé pour les préposer à la direction des œuvres sociales, mais la direction suppose les dirigés. Un général qui définit des éléments de son état-major ne manifeste pas l'intention de licencier ses troupes ; il manifeste au contraire l'intention de les fortifier en assurant le commandement et l'inspection. A quoi bon réunir des chefs capables, mesurés, instruits, judicieux pour imprimer leur élan à l'armée s'il n'y a plus d'armée ?

Un exemple illustrera cette pensée : Au cours d'une audience privée, mars 1905, Pie X. disait à M. l'abbé François, du diocèse de Cambrai :

Dites bien à votre vénérable archevêque toute la satisfaction que j'éprouve en apprenant qu'il a désigné deux prêtres pour s'occuper particulièrement des cultivateurs et des ouvriers, je voudrais que tous les prêtres de la campagne connussent comme leur théologie les choses qui intéressent les paysans. Ils n'en feront jamais trop pour montrer comment l'Eglise aime ceux qui travaillent.

Ces propos recueillis dans une conversation par une oreille d'ailleurs très fidèle n'engagent nullement la pensée du Pape, mais il est permis de recevoir l'explication qu'ils apportent pour

deux raisons : parce qu'ils sont en plein accord avec l'enseignement ordinaire de la Papauté et ensuite avec la nature des choses.

Ce sont tous les prêtres que Léon XIII. appelle à une certaine connaissance des questions sociales. Il écrivait aux évêques d'Italie le 8 Décembre 1902.

Nous désirons que, vers la fin de leur éducation dans les séminaires, les aspirants au sacerdoce soient instruits comme il convient des documents pontificaux concernant la question sociale et la démocratie chrétienne, en s'abstenant, comme nous l'avons dit plus haut, de prendre aucune part au mouvement extérieur.

Pie X. appelle non seulement les prêtres, mais les laïques, mais les ouvriers à faire œuvre sociale, à entrer dans les institutions sociales. Prêtres et ouvriers y trouveront de mutuels secours. Il écrit le 20 janvier 1907 aux directeurs provisoires de l'union economico-sociale pour les catholiques italiens.

Quelles institutions seront à promouvoir de préférence au sein de l'Union, c'est à votre industrieuse charité à le voir. Les plus opportunes Nous semblent être celles qu'on désigne sous le nom d'*Unions professionnelles*, aussi vous recommandons-Nous de nouveau et instamment de veiller soigneusement à leur fondation et à leur bonne marche. A cette fin, vous ferez en sorte que ceux qui en doivent faire partie y soient convenablement préparés ; c'est-à-dire qu'ils apprennent de personnes compétentes la nature et le but de l'association, les devoirs et les droits des ouvriers chrétiens, enfin les enseignements de l'Eglise et les documents pontificaux qui se rapportent plus particulièrement aux questions du travail. Très utile sera sur ce point la coopération du clergé, lequel, à son tour, y trouvera de nouveaux secours pour rendre plus efficace son ministère sacré parmi le peuple. Car les ouvriers ainsi préparés deviendront non seulement des membres utiles de l'Union professionnelle, mais encore de vaillants auxiliaires du clergé pour propager et défendre la pratique des enseignements du christianisme.

A la lecture de ces documents la conclusion qui s'impose est celle-ci : Un petit nombre est nécessaire pour prendre la direction du mouvement social, le plus grand nombre suivra, il lui apportera un concours intermittent et plutôt indirect bien que très efficace. Cette doctrine des Souverains Pontifes est confirmée par la nature des choses.

Oui, l'action sociale et l'action catholique ont besoin de recevoir leur direction de *quelques hommes actifs et d'esprit pondéré*,

docteurs en philosophie et en théologie, appliqués aux études des sciences sociales. Sans leur autorité, sans leur prestige—l'expérience est là pour le dire—l'œuvre sociale ne se fera pas, ou ce qui est pire, elle se fera mal laissant après quelques essais maladroits les esprits découragés et mécontents. C'est qu'elle est complexe et délicate, elle monte jusqu'aux plus hauts sommets de la spéculation, elle descend jusqu'au plus humble détail de la pratique. Elle a besoin du cultiver la théologie, de scruter l'Écriture, de consulter les lois et les règlements administratifs, de manier les chiffres et les hommes, de connaître les institutions économiques les plus anciennes et les plus modernes. Un tel savoir auquel s'ajoute beaucoup de tact et de mesure, beaucoup de zèle et beaucoup de sagesse, ne s'acquiert pas entre les bornes ordinaires de la vie humaine, elle est trop courte. C'est pourquoi Pie X. pense justement qu'un seul homme n'y suffirait pas, il en désire plusieurs.

Le clergé dans son ensemble n'apportera qu'un concours intermittent et indirect. Il ne peut donner et on ne peut lui demander autre chose. Il appartient—le Pape le rappelle—au service direct de Dieu, à la *sanctification des âmes*, à la *défense de l'Eglise*, aux *œuvres de charité proprement dites*. Il agirait contre toutes les convenances s'il désertait habituellement l'autel pour le syndicat, la coopérative, la mutualité. Dans ce cas, heureusement chimérique, on voit bien la perte subie par le ministère ecclésiastique, on ne voit pas aussi clairement le gain obtenu par les institutions économiques.

A chacun sa place et sa fonction. Le prêtre n'est point d'abord laboureur, vigneron, éleveur ou banquier, il est prêtre. Dans ces divers emplois, en exceptant toujours les responsabilités financières que la discipline ecclésiastique lui défend d'assumer, il verra quelquefois la distraction de sa vie, il n'en verra pas l'occupation. Les institutions sont-elles à fonder, Léon XIII. et Pie X. lui demandent ; plutôt de susciter des hommes et des chefs que de remplir lui-même ces magistratures économiques. N'est-ce pas l'évidence ? Une corporation de charpentiers élira comme chef le meilleur charpentier de la paroisse et non pas son curé. "Il n'est pas de la partie." Ce que l'on dit des charpentiers, on le dit également des forestiers, des menuisiers et de toutes les autres professions. Le curé a parmi ces braves gens son office spécial qui ressortit à son ministère. Il réveillera, il excitera leurs bonnes volontés, il sera le premier à les grouper, il restera près d'eux pour

infuser à leur association les principes chrétiens, une âme chrétienne. Il sera le prédicateur de la charité, de la justice, du dévouement. En faisant plus, habituellement il ferait trop. Rendre trop de services aux gens c'est non plus les servir mais les desservir puisqu'on les rend incapables de suffire à leurs besoins et de conduire leur vie. Par ces sages tempéraments l'Eglise désarme l'humeur naturellement défiante des hommes de métier, elle prévient l'humeur facilement envahissante de ses propres clercs que leur zèle, leur souci du bien général entraînerait parfois à franchir les limites. A chaque membre de la société chrétienne elle assigne sa place et son rôle. Il va sans dire, c'est une remarque de simple bon sens, qu'il n'excède en rien le prêtre lorsque dans un patronage, un cercle d'Etudes, un comité de paroisse, il répand les idées d'association, il encourage la pratique de l'épargne, il resserre les liens qui unissent les bons, il détermine quelques uns des meilleurs à s'unir pour entreprendre une œuvre utile à tout le pays. Il est comme l'âme dans le corps, partout présente, partout invisible.

El comment le Pape se serait-il déjugé. Lui-même interroge les évêques sur le progrès de l'œuvre sociale dans leurs diocèses.

A deux reprises, le rapport à présenter par les évêques lors de leur visite *ad limina* traite des œuvres sociales.

Dans le chapitre vii. les évêques doivent rendre compte et des paroisses et de la façon dont s'y exerce le ministre pastoral et on leur demande :

Est-ce que les curés s'efforcent de fortifier leurs fidèles dans la foi et de protéger chez eux les mœurs et la pureté de la vie chrétienne ? Pour atteindre ce but, outre les devoirs habituels de leur charge, les curés ont-ils créé prudemment ou, du moins, entretiennent-ils les œuvres sociales, animées de l'esprit de l'Eglise Catholique ?

Le chapitre xv. de ce même document porte ce titre significatif : *Des œuvres pieuses et des œuvres sociales*, et les évêques sont invités à répondre aux questions suivantes :

143. Y a-t-il, dans le diocèse, de ces œuvres dites sociales qui, tout en pourvoyant au bien moral et religieux des fidèles, ont encore en vue leur bien être ou leurs nécessités temporelles ; par exemple les asiles pour l'enfance, les patronages pour la jeunesse des deux sexes, les groupements de jeunesse catholique, les cercles d'études, les associations d'ouvriers, de cultivateurs, de femmes, dont le but est de favoriser la piété ou la mutualité, les caisses d'épargne, etc. ?

Et maintenant la cause est entendue. Pie X. n'a pas condamné, il a recommandé au contraire l'œuvre sociale, en avertissant—avec quels accents paternels—quelques uns de ses ouvriers ; il ne les a pas éloignés du chantier, il les remet, plus soumis, plus disciplinés, sous la direction épiscopale—plus catholiques, comme dit la parole pontificale. Les Sillonnistes n'ont pas trompé l'attente du Saint Père. Ils ont obéi avec une promptitude, une unanimité qui ont grandement réjoui l'Eglise.

Il reste que tous fassent leur profit de conseils et d'enseignements qui s'adressent à tous.

Toujours dans la sagesse et dans la mesure Pie X. s'éloigne de deux opinions extrêmes. Une première opinion, injuste dans sa défiance, repousserait jusqu'au nom d'œuvre sociale, elle en suspecterait, les ouvriers, elle les soupçonneraient volontiers d'une certaine connivance avec les révolutionnaires, avec les libéraux, avec les socialistes. Le Saint Père combat cette hostilité par le soin même qu'il prend de définir l'œuvre et d'en choisir les ouvriers. La seconde opinion, excessive dans sa confiance, exclusive peut-être dans son effort, exagérerait la vertu de l'œuvre sociale, elle oublierait à quel point l'Eglise lui est nécessaire, soit pour la défendre contre l'erreur et l'utopie, soit pour former une élite de Chrétiens nécessaire à ses entreprises. Le Saint Père la rappelle à plus de circonspection et de prudence, à une plus juste estime des sources surnaturelles qui alimentent son activité.

L'action sociale sort fortifiée des conseils donnés aux uns et aux autres ; elle y gagne en quantité, parce qu'elle aura plus d'ouvriers, et aussi en qualité, parce qu'elle aura des ouvriers meilleurs.

H. J. LEROY,
de l'Action Populaire.

*The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy to Date.*¹

IF the upholders of the Baconian origin of the Shakespeare plays are apt to labour under a sense of grievance, this attitude of mind is not perhaps altogether without excuse. For a student who takes himself seriously, it is no doubt aggravating to have to listen to such uncomplimentary things as are commonly said about the Bacon enthusiast. "Those who adopt the Baconian theory in any of its phases," writes Mr. Sidney Lee, "should be classed with the believers in the Cock Lane Ghost or in Arthur Orton's identity with Roger Tichborne."² "The so-called Bacon theory is a disease of the same species as Table-turning," says Professor Karl Elze.³ "Proper retreats should be provided, and ambulances kept ready with horses harnessed, and when symptoms of the Bacon-Shakespeare craze manifest themselves, the patient should be immediately carried off to an asylum,"⁴ so Mr. Richard Grant White. "The idea of Lord Bacon's having written Shakespeare's plays can be entertained only by folk who know nothing whatever of either writer, or are cracked, or who enjoy the paradox or joke," is the verdict of the late Professor Furnivall.⁵ And dozens of other statements might be cited which are almost identical in purport.

I have borrowed these pronouncements from a volume published a few years since by a prominent American advocate of the Baconian hypothesis, Mr. Edwin Reed. Under the title of *Noteworthy Opinions Pro and Con*,⁶ this writer has gathered

¹ *Bacon is Shakespeare*. By Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, Bt. (Barrister-at-Law). London, 1910.

The Shakespeare Problem Restated. By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. (Barrister-at-Law). London, 1908.

In Re Shakespeare—Beeching v. Greenwood. By G. G. Greenwood. London, 1909.

William Shakespeare, Player, Playmaker and Poet: a Reply to Mr. George Greenwood, M.P. By Canon Beeching. London, 1909.

Noteworthy Opinions Pro and Con. By Edwin Reed. Boston, 1905.

And many other works.

² Edwin Reed, *Noteworthy Opinions*, p. 60. ³ *Ibid.* p. 46.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 45. ⁵ *Ibid.* p. 43. ⁶ Boston, 1905.

up a number of utterances delivered on either part of the controversy by men of distinction, with the thinly-veiled purpose of showing that the campaign on one side is one of assumption and vulgar abuse, and on the other of discernment and sweet reasonableness. Beyond the fact that the passages quoted explain and in a measure justify the aggrieved tone of many Baconian writers, I am not sure that these expressions of opinion, which of course have been carefully selected, tell us very much. On the other hand, the names of the writers strike me as particularly interesting. Here are a dozen or so of the best known among those who are quoted on the Baconian side. I take them at random. Lord Palmerston, J. G. Whittier, H. R. Haweis, Prince Bismarck, Professor E. Cantor, E. J. Castle, K.C., Judge Webb, George Moore, Lord Penzance, Judge Holmes, the Hon. W. W. Astor, John Bright, Professor Ten Brink, A. B. Grosart, Professor David Masson. Scrutinizing this specimen list, it will be noticed at once how the gentlemen of the long robe predominate. Lord Penzance, Judge Holmes, Judge Webb, and Mr. E. J. Castle are all lawyers,¹ and there can be no doubt in the case of these four who have all published books on the subject that they are genuinely opposed to the belief that William Shakespeare the actor wrote the plays attributed to him. John Bright was also, it seems, a fervid Baconian, but the degree of adherence to the same cause of the other two statesmen mentioned, viz., Prince Bismarck and Lord Palmerston, is a much more doubtful matter. Then we have three or four rather eccentric men of letters (J. G. Whittier, George Moore, and H. R. Haweis), an eminent mathematician, Professor E. Cantor, and a millionaire collector of books in Mr. W. W. Astor. Of the other three representatives a word will be said directly.

Now looking at these names—and so far as I know, the same would be true if I had attempted to make a much longer list—there is a question which at once arises almost unbidden to one's lips. Is there one of these men who is in any way famous as a student of Elizabethan literature? Is there even one who has made any sort of reputation for his first-hand acquaintance with the literary remains, manuscript

¹ It would be possible to add many other legal names, notably those of Mr. George Greenwood, Sir Edward Durning Lawrence, and George Pitt Lewis, K.C., who have published books on the Bacon controversy which could not have come to the notice of Mr. Reed at the time his list was compiled.

and printed, of that golden age of the drama? With the exception of the three persons excluded the answer would have to be in the negative. These prominent Baconians may be eminent for their knowledge of the law, or of science, or of statesmanship, but no one can pretend that outside of this controversy they have ever qualified as experts in the highly complicated conditions of English literary production at the epoch in question. As compared with such men as Professor Saintsbury, Mr. Sidney Lee, Dr. A. W. Ward, James Stebbing, Dr. Furnivall, Professor Karl Elze, Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Richard Grant White and dozens more that one could name, they are simply untrained outsiders. My readers may recall one of Du Maurier's drawings in *Punch* in which two very eminent persons, one a musician, and the other an artist, are both complimenting an accomplished lady amateur. But it is the artist who is voluble in his appreciation of his hostess's playing and it is the musician who declares that he has never seen anything more beautiful than her pictures. The situation with regard to the Bacon controversy is very similar. When a question arises as to the accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge of law we may gladly accept the verdict of Lord Penzance or Judge Webb; or if again the dispute regard his acquaintance with statecraft or oratory, the opinion of Lord Palmerston, Prince Bismarck and John Bright would be invaluable. As it is, however, the predominance of legal names amongst the supporters of Lord Chancellor Bacon's claim to have written the Shakespeare plays is chiefly remarkable as an illustration of that curious human infirmity which makes the belief that St. Patrick was an Irishman an article of faith to every loyal son of the Emerald Isle, and which leads nine pious Frenchmen out of ten to insist that the burning of Joan of Arc was entirely the work of the English.

When we are told, therefore, as we sometimes are, that the support given to Bacon's claim is growing by leaps and bounds, it is impossible to keep oneself from asking what is the precise character of this support. What one would like to find would be a single example of a scholar who, having made a reputation by his first-hand acquaintance with the dramatic or other literature of the Elizabethan age, has deliberately given his adhesion to the Bacon hypothesis. So far as the present writer is aware, among all the Professors of

English Literature to be found in the colleges of England, Germany, and even America, there has not in thirty years been one, certainly not one of any reputation, who has committed himself to the opinion that Bacon wrote the plays usually known as Shakespeare's. No doubt many have said that Shakespeare's knowledge was astounding and absolutely unexplainable by anything we can learn of his education or antecedents. But that is an expression of wonder, not a declaration of incredulity. Holding this opinion, as I have done for some years, it was with considerable interest and still greater astonishment that in examining Mr. Reed's book I perceived among the opinions cited by him in Bacon's favour the names already mentioned of Professor Ten Brink, David Masson, and Dr. A. B. Grosart. The matter seemed worth looking up, for these were certainly men who really understood the conditions under which Elizabethan literature was produced. To my surprise I found, after taking some trouble, that not one of those named showed the faintest sympathy for the suggestion that the plays were the work of any other author than William Shakespeare the actor. The late Professor Ten Brink is the most eminent of the three, and the value of his *History of English Literature* has long been acknowledged in this country. It is universally admitted to be an original work of high authority. None the less, among Mr. Reed's list of Baconian supporters stands the name of the distinguished Dutch professor thus :

BERNARD TEN BRINK.

The world's continued belief in Shakespeare is a morbid phenomenon of the time (1895).

To which a reference is added in a foot-note, but without page assigned, to the Professor's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare*.

A more astounding misrepresentation was never perpetrated, though it has no doubt occurred through some carelessness, and without Mr. Edwin Reed's connivance. Professor Ten Brink happened to hold rather strong views upon the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and in the first of the Lectures referred to he devotes some paragraphs to this subject. His remarks are so much to the point that I venture to give a few extracts from the published English translation, including the words which seem to have supplied the material for Mr. Reed's *soi-disant* quotation.

When we maintain that the historical William Shakespeare is the author of the works which bear his name, we do so in accordance with a tradition of nearly three centuries—a tradition based upon a wealth of authentic contemporary testimony such as but few facts in early literary history can produce. The new Shakespeare mythologists, find, of course, an easy means of disposing of this testimony. The contemporaries of the poet, they say, concerned themselves but little about the authorship of the plays. . . .

After speaking of the "conspiracy" of silence generally presupposed by the Baconian theorists, Professor Ten Brink goes on :

The most remarkable thing is that no one should have been found, either at that time or after Shakespeare's death, to let out the secret, notwithstanding the numerous anecdotes otherwise connected with the personality of William Shakespeare. On the contrary not a particle of evidence can be produced, either from Shakespeare's time or that succeeding, to sustain the opinion that Shakespeare did not write these works. . . . Further, I will say plainly: he who thinks it even conceivable that Bacon could have written the works which appear under Shakespeare's name can know neither Bacon nor Shakespeare.

The whole agitation, much ado as is made over it, strikes me as nothing more than a mere curiosity, *a morbid phenomenon of the time*. Do not therefore expect to hear from me anything like a direct refutation of the theory referred to.¹

Immediately beneath the supposed extract from Professor Ten Brink, Mr. Reed prints a few remarks, written apparently in reply to a letter of his own inviting the opinion of Dr. A. B. Grosart.

DR. A. B. GROSART.

I can't help anticipating that some of these days Bacon's letters or other papers will turn up interpretive (*sic.*) of his at present dark phrase to Sir (*sic.*) John Davies of "your concealed poet." We have noble contemporary poetry unhappily anonymous, and I shall not be surprised to find Bacon the concealed singer of some of it.

So is Dr. Grosart made to pose as an advocate of the Baconian theory. Dr. Grosart, as many allusions in his writings

¹ The German original runs: "Ich kann in der ganzen Bewegung, so breit sie sich macht, nur ein Curiosum, nur eine Kraukheitserscheinung der Zeit erblicken." (*Shakspeare, Fünf Vorlesungen*, Strassburg, 1893, p. 7.) This is clearly the passage referred to by Mr. Reed. It is the only one which speaks of "a morbid phenomenon of the time."

testify, was nothing of the sort. Indeed, in Father Sutton's *Shakespeare Enigma* this same scholar is accused of suppressing the publication of a certain poem "for fear it should strengthen the hands of Baconians."¹ To give elaborate proof here would be surely unnecessary, but a phrase or two may be quoted from the Introduction to *Green Pastures*, one of Dr. Grosart's latest books, printed in 1894. After stating that "young Greene was no merely grotesque rival to young William Shakespeare," Dr. Grosart goes on:

We are so used to idolatrise Shakespeare because of his simply incomparable genius, that we shirk enquiries into his precursors and contemporaries. I for one feel satisfied that fuller knowledge of these would prove that for years, while feeling his way upward, Shakespeare was a very buccaneer in spoiling the Egyptians or, unmetaphorically, in turning to his own account the manuscript writings of unfortunate contemporaries who were constrained to write for the theatre.²

It is plain both from this and from what is elsewhere said that Dr. Grosart has not the least doubt that it was Shakespeare and not Bacon who worked up these materials, lawfully or unlawfully come by, into the masterpieces which all the world admires.

Not less ridiculous is the pretence of citing Professor David Masson as a witness on the Baconian side of the controversy, because he has penned a passage in which this remark occurs:

The only difference between him (Shakespeare) and Bacon sometimes is, that Bacon writes an essay and calls it his own, while Shakespeare writes a similar essay and puts it in the mouth of a Ulysses or a Polonius.³

But Mr. Reed himself cites on the Shakespearean side a remark of Sir Leslie Stephen's: "I believe all competent critics would agree with Professor Masson's opinion that the Shakespeare-Bacon theory is a mere craze." Certainly in his *Life of Milton* and other works in which Masson frequently had to speak of Shakespeare, not the faintest suspicion is suggested that the author of the plays was any other than the actor of Stratford-on-Avon.

Assuming then for the moment that the specialists on

¹ W. H. Sutton, S.J., *The Shakespeare Enigma*, p. 190.

² *Green Pastures*, Introduction, pp. ix., x.

³ *Opinions Pro and Con*, p. 6.

Elizabethan literature who favour the Baconian claim are still to seek, it may be further suggested that the distinguished lawyers who have written on that side, even when they have not been led astray, like Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence in his recent book, by some ridiculous *ignis fatuus* of a cypher, or cryptogram, have wasted much of their acumen in trying to interpret a set of conditions which they have never adequately realized. They are familiar with modern copyright law, and with the behaviour of modern authors and publishers and managers of dramatic companies, but they forget that this experience, so far from being a help, is only a serious hindrance to any appreciation of the state of affairs which prevailed in the seventeenth century. It may be interesting as an illustration to take a few pregnant remarks which occur in the excellent chapter upon "The Text of Shakespeare," by the Rev. E. Walder, in the newly-published fifth volume of the *Cambridge History of English Literature*.

The Text of Shakespeare [the writer says] is as uncertain as are the facts of his life. In neither case are we in possession of any real authorities. But while there is evidence to establish the certainty of some of the incidents in his career, we cannot be sure of the accuracy of a single line of his plays.

Here is a statement which at once lets us see the danger of extending to Elizabethan times the ideas derived from our modern surroundings. But Mr. Walder goes on to explain the reasons of the truth he has enunciated.¹

Shakespeare, like his fellow dramatists, wrote for the stage and not for publication. The playwright's sole ambition was to see his play on the stage. Hardly any play was published by its author without some apology. Marston in his Preface to *The Malcontent* (1604), actually complains that he is detracting from the value of his work by publishing it; and he goes on to state that his reason for consenting to this, is that, if he did not publish it, others would, thus inflicting upon him still greater injury. All rights in a play were tacitly, if not legally, surrendered to the acting company and the author's interest in it ceased. No more striking proof of this attitude could be desired than the fact that Shakespeare himself described *Venus and Adonis* as "the first heire of my invention" at a time when he had certainly written several plays.

On the other hand companies refrained from publication. They

¹ *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, v. p. 259.

sought by this means to increase the profit from their performances. Thus Thomas Heywood speaks of some of his plays being "still retained in the hands of some actors who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print." But this shortsighted policy on the part of the companies did not prevent others from supplying the demand for printed copies which naturally existed. In the absence of any strict laws of copyright, it is not surprising that publishers were ready to snatch a profit by the surreptitious publication of the more popular plays of so favourite a writer as Shakespeare.

Now, accepting this statement, which we may fairly do, as embodying the conclusions of the best modern scholarship, quite independently of the Bacon controversy, it is easy to see what a light it throws upon difficulties which have apparently weighed more heavily than any other consideration upon the legal minds of some of Bacon's stoutest supporters. Lord Penzance and Judge Webb are agreed in urging a point which may be thus expressed in the words of the former :

Having published thirty-six dramas which have since been the wonder of the world, Shakespeare retires from London and the stage [in 1604, according to Lord Penzance's calculation¹], taking no heed of his intellectual progeny, making no provision for their maintenance or protection, to his native town where he takes to the sort of life and pursuits to which he was destined before he rushed away into the world of intellect and culture, just as if the intervening twenty years had had no existence.²

But if plays had not then come to be regarded as valuable copyright, this indifference as to the fate of his intellectual progeny is readily comprehensible, and perhaps especially so in the case of a very fertile genius. It is the man to whom ideas come slowly and sparsely who is most solicitous to husband them. Moreover, Shakespeare probably regarded his plays as many a great pulpit orator regards his sermons. They may be well reported or badly reported, but the preacher takes little interest in the printed page. It was for another purpose he conceived them, and apart from the realization of that purpose they are almost indifferent to him.

But leaving this out of account, Lord Penzance is certainly wrong about a very material fact connected with the dramatist's withdrawal to the country. A valuable set of papers containing

¹ *The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy*, p. 138.

² *Ibid.* p. 144.

the proceedings of an action at law in which Shakespeare was a witness has recently been discovered by an American scholar, Dr. Wallace, at the Record Office. From these it appears that on May 11, 1612, the poet made and signed a deposition in London, and we seem justified in inferring further from other facts connected with the case that he had not entirely turned his back on the Metropolis at any time before that date, even though we have no evidence of his continuous residence in the city after 1605.¹ Moreover, the same set of proceedings bring the great dramatist into connection with a certain George Wilkins, who with some probability is conjectured to be George Wilkins, the playwright, who has long been supposed to have collaborated with Shakespeare in the composition of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. If Wilkins' identity could be certainly established this would go some way towards proving that Shakespeare was not merely an actor, but a writer of plays.

But perhaps the most interesting feature in the recent discovery is the fact that the law proceedings have preserved for us a new Shakespeare signature. Five certainly authentic signatures have previously been known—three in his will and two connected with property transactions, all written towards the close of his life. From the illiterate appearance, as alleged, of these specimens of penmanship has been drawn one of the favourite arguments of the Baconian contention. How, it has repeatedly been asked, and even by men as intelligent as Mr. George Greenwood, could the actor who was hardly able to write his own name have committed to paper the hundreds of thousands of lines contained in a 'complete edition of the plays and poems?

Now while the new signature is not in any perceptible degree better written than the rest, it preserves a feature which we can now be certain to have been due to no mere accident such as the chance sputtering of a pen. In the loop of the *W*., the initial letter of William, the writer inserted a dot, probably the dot belonging to the following letter *i*. This is now clearly seen in three of the extant signatures,² and it is also met with in the doubtful signature occurring in the British Museum copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne. Now such a trick as the

¹ See *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1910, pp. 489—510.

² It is worth notice that several of the signatures have clearly suffered from their having to be written upon margins or tabs of ill-dressed sheets of parchment. Many a man who normally wrote a bold hand would find himself cramped by such conditions.

dotting back of the *i*. into the loop of the *W*., is, I venture to say, the characteristic, which everything else confirms, of a man whose hand was bad not because he wrote too little but because he wrote too much. It is certainly not a feature we should expect in the signature of an illiterate person who just knew enough of writing to be able to trace his name. So plain is this freedom of penmanship to any one who studies the series of signatures that Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, in his new volume *Bacon is Shake-speare*, makes a perfectly crazy suggestion that the name written at the foot of Shakespeare's deposition, discovered by Dr. Wallace, was not traced by the actor himself, but was added by the clerk who wrote the text. This suggestion is certainly without a particle of foundation, but the fact that it has been made is sufficient to dismiss for good and all the series of Baconian arguments founded upon the supposed inability of the actor Shakespeare to use a pen.

It must not be forgotten in connection with this matter that it is Shakespeare himself who reminds us that to write a plain hand was in his time a characteristic of clerks and held beneath the dignity of a gentleman. Does he not make Hamlet say :

I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair ;
I once did hold it as our statists do
A baseness to write fair, and laboured much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service.¹

The find of Dr. Wallace has therefore helped to drive another nail into the coffin of the Baconian hypothesis. But perhaps no modern investigator has brought a more conclusive line of argument to bear upon the same controversy than the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Ireland, Mr. Justice Madden. The amusing part of it is that Justice Madden was for a long time quoted and referred to as a Baconian, owing to a *jeu d'esprit* which he perpetrated in that character in the columns of *Literature* (March 5, 1898). "I wrote," he confesses :

in a spirit of levity which now seems unpardonable, for I find that my modest proposal is the conclusion which Lord Penzance after a life spent in the labour of sifting and weighing evidence felt compelled to accept.

¹ *Hamlet*, Act v. sc. ii.

Nor was Lord Penzance the only person imposed upon. Others seem to have fallen victims to the same hoax and it is apparently only in the Preface of the second edition (1907) of the *Diary of Master William Silence* that Justice Madden has cleared the matter up.¹ Certainly in his thorough investigation of Shakespeare's attitude to field sports and of his acquaintance with the Cotswolds, Justice Madden leaves his reader no room for doubting on which side his vote is cast upon the question of Bacon's supposed authorship. He points out with conclusive force that whatever Bacon's love for gardening and woodland scenery, he was certainly no sportsman and that there is not anywhere in his writings a trace of any sympathy expended upon such pursuits. On the other hand Justice Madden tells us:

As my work progressed, the form of the Warwickshire youth, turned poet and dramatist, assumed, by degrees, greater distinctness. It became apparent as a matter not of opinion but of fact, that the writer whom we know as Shakespeare had passed many days among scenes and in pursuits which haunted his memory throughout life, storing his mind with such thoughts and images as found expression in the words collected in this book. Whatever else this man may have been he was beyond doubt a sportsman, with rare skill in the mysteries of woodcraft, loving to recall the very names of the hounds with which he was wont to hunt; a practical falconer, whose "hawking language" was not, like Master Stephen's, book-learning; and a horseman and a horse-keeper, accustomed to speak the homely language of the stable, whose knowledge of the horse and of his fifty diseases was such as can only be gained by experience. It also appeared that this man had an intimate knowledge, not alone of Warwickshire, but of certain obscure persons and places found to exist in a corner of his Gloucestershire. It seemed to be worthy of a passing note that the man thus revealed by the writings known as Shakespeare's was indeed the very William Shakespeare of history and tradition, and other than the Francis Bacon of whose pursuits and tastes we have full knowledge.²

Superadded to an already overwhelming argument, Justice Madden's minute diagnosis of the refinement and accuracy of the use of terms of sport in the Shakespeare plays becomes absolutely irresistible. Not indeed that there was any room for doubt before. For all who understand the primitive manner in

¹ *The Diary of Master William Silence. A Study of Shakespeare and Elizabethan Sport.* By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, M.A., Hon. LL.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. London. 1907. 2nd Edition. Preface, p. ix.

² *Ibidem*, Preface, p. vii.

which the Elizabethan dramas were composed and prepared for representation, it is incredible that if Shakespeare were not the real author of the plays his fellow-actors should have been deceived. For example, they must have been aware whether he could write, whether he could copy out his part before he learned it. They must have known whether he was an entire ignoramus in those matters of classical learning in which so many of them were well versed. And with such a book before us as the facsimile of the old play of *Sir Thomas More*,¹ with its many hand-writings, its erasures, its text evidently written not by mere copyists, but by playwrights who composed or amended as they went along, without speaking of the suggestiveness of the worn paper, only saved from dropping to pieces in many places by some transparent material pasted over it—in the presence of such a volume, I say, one comes to understand how far the conditions of Elizabethan drama were removed from our modern stage, and from the acting editions of Lacy or French. Thrown pell-mell one on top of the other, without the means of privacy such as are afforded by the green-rooms of our own day,² it is impossible to believe that the players should not have known whether one of their own number was or was not capable of the work with which he was credited. Upon every theory William Shakespeare of Stratford made a respectable competence by the stage. No one pretends that he was an exceptionally brilliant actor, or that he had had capital to invest. What was it but his skill in composition which made this country bumpkin and stable-hand, as the Baconians depict him, so valuable a member of the company? How great is the advantage possessed by a playwright who is himself an actor, the comedies of Molière must attest for all time. On the other hand, supposing that his fellow-actors knew that Shakespeare was but the mask of some far more capable or exalted writer, is it conceivable that no hint of the truth should have been published to the world, but that a score of statements implicit and explicit should have been made by Ben Jonson and others to hide what they knew to be the real facts?

And, then, can it possibly be suggested that we are to separate the plays from the poems and sonnets? *Venus and*

¹ Published in the *Tudor Facsimile Texts*, 1909. It reproduces MS. Harleian 7368. Some quite sane critics, e.g., Richard Simpson, have held that part of the play is by Shakespeare himself and is in his handwriting.

² Cf. Creizenach, *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*, vol. iv. pp. 401—489.

Adonis was published in 1593, and the publisher, Field, was, quite appropriately, a man from Stratford-on-Avon, whose family Shakespeare must have known all his life. The poem is dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, and Will Shakespeare's name is printed large as "Your Honour's in all duty," at the foot of the dedication. In the next year appeared the *Rape of Lucrece*, equally dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, and equally signed William Shakespeare. Moreover, in 1598, we hear from Francis Mores in his *Palladis Tamia*, of Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends," then circulating in manuscript copies and not printed until 1609. What conceivable motive could any other man have for communicating his own poems under Shakespeare's name to the latter's private friends? And surely these latter, if they knew anything at all of the actor, must have been able to judge whether he was capable of such an effort. Moreover, was it just to keep up the illusion that Francis Bacon can be supposed to speak of himself in no ambiguous terms in Sonnet 111 as being dishonoured by his calling (of actor), and still more that in Sonnets 135 and 136 he harps upon the name of Will, declaring it to be his own :

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus ;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus, &c.

Or again :

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is *Will*.

In point of fact, all the Baconian writings of the last few years, whether we take the crazy cryptogrammic solutions of people like Mrs. Gallup, Herr Bormann, Walter Begley, or quite recently of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, or whether, on the other hand, we turn to the more sober contentions of Lord Penzance or Mr. Greenwood—leave the case exactly where it stood twenty years ago. There are practically no new facts to produce, and the scores of big books which the Baconians have published, have not advanced their case a hair's-breadth. Beyond pointing out a few discrepancies between the lines of defence adopted by Shakespeare's champions—discrepancies

which are perfectly obvious, and are surely to be expected in a cause in which, as both sides must agree, the ascertained facts are comparatively few—beyond detecting here and there an inaccurate statement in individual writers, all the labour and, one might add, all the personal animus that have been put into the cause, have had no tangible result. Not a single positive argument of the Shakespeareans has been shaken, and the modest little volume of Canon Beeching contains in its hundred or so of pages, enough common sense to bring conviction to any intelligence that is not absolutely reason-proof. But in this and similar subjects there are many minds impervious to reason, and one cannot help being reminded of the brilliant *mot* of Dr. Salmon of Trinity College fame: "There is one more foolish than the man who believes that Bacon wrote Shakespeare—the man who argues with him."¹

For this reason one can only commend the decision of the editors of the great *Cambridge History of English Literature*, who have excluded from their pages any formal discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. On the other hand, the passing reference which Dr. George Saintsbury permits himself to make to this topic in his chapter on the Life of Shakespeare contributed to the same work, is couched in terms which are admirably sane, and well deserve to be quoted here.

The difficulty (as to the Stratford actor writing the Shakespeare plays) comes from a surprising mixture of ignorance and innocence. A lawyer of moderate intelligence and no extraordinary education will get up on his brief, at a few days' notice, more knowledge of an extremely technical kind than Shakespeare shows on any one point and will repeat the process on almost any subject. A journalist of no greater intelligence and education will, at a few hours', or minutes' notice, deceive the very elect in the same way. Omniscience, no doubt, is divine; but *multiscience*—especially multiscience a little scratched and admitting through the scratches a sea-coast to Bohemia and knowledge of Aristotle in Ulysses—is quite human. What is wonderful is not

¹ Roused by the challenge of Richard Grant White to adduce evidence that Bacon was the true author of the Shakespeare plays and poems, Mr. H. H. Harwood, of Richmond, Virginia, after spending "many thousands of dollars," has prepared a commentary, upon the Sonnets alone, which runs in manuscript to 270,000 words. If he can find subscribers to help him to defray the cost of printing, he is then prepared to go on to provide a commentary on the rest of the works upon the same scale. His specimen pamphlet, *Two of the Sonnets of Francis Bacon the true Shakespeare* (Richmond, Va., 1908), forms a volume of 130 closely-printed pages, large octavo. Fancy the task of arguing with Mr. Harwood!

what in the book sense Shakespeare knew, but what he did and was. And the man—whoever he was—who wrote what Shakespeare wrote would have had not the slightest difficulty in knowing what Shakespeare knew.

When all has been said and done, the truth expressed in these last sentences contains the whole answer to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

HERBERT THURSTON.

A French Story-Teller.

Let the little ones come! It will do them no harm to hear my stories—you know me well enough to believe that.

LOOKING back through the years, two days stand out very clearly in my memory. The first, one winter evening when, as a child, I crept stealthily from my bed to read Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* (in a threepenny edition) by the flickering firelight; the second, a brilliant summer day spent in the forest of St. Germain with Nodier's *Fée aux Miettes*. I lay upon the grass and propped my head against the stump of a tree, and the shadows of the overhanging leaves trembled on the sunny pages as I read of the intelligent and gentle Michael who owed his extraordinary learning to the friendship of an old beggar-woman of Granville. She was not a friend to be despised, this Crumb Fairy, as the children called her, for she could render very valuable assistance to little scholars in return for a few crusts spared from their lunch. For my part, I do not wonder that Michael admired her, as, though she was but two and a half feet in height, she was exceedingly clean and neat and dainty, with big bright eyes, an ivory forehead, cheeks like a split pomegranate, and an air of eternal youth easier to feel than to describe. It is true that her appearance was a little spoilt by two projecting teeth, one on each side of her fresh, rosy mouth, but then they were as white and as smooth as the keys of a harpsichord, and I could not even find it in my heart to say with Michael, "It is only a pity that she is so old and has such large teeth." I remember that as I turned the pages of this eminently reasonable and delightful story, I found it a little difficult to determine where fact ended and fiction began. Presently it dawned upon me that the Crumb Fairy and Belkiss, the Queen of Sheba, were one and the same person—at least, Michael said they were, but then Michael, you must know, was suffering from "the most touching of the infirmities of men,"

and had interrupted his search for the Singing Mandragore in the gardens of the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum to relate the history of his life with engaging frankness and modesty. It is doubtless because he was born with "a ray of moonlight in his brain" that it seems so natural for him to remark, in speaking of the Bailiff of the Isle of Man: "What astonished me more than I could say was that his head was that of a magnificent Danish dog, and I appeared to be the only one to notice it."

The good Michael! He speaks all along in such perfect sincerity that his words cannot fail to carry conviction, and when the incidents savour of the marvellous, we merely put them down to harmless little illusions on his part. He is always definite, reasonable, lucid, for the dream world in which he lives is the real world to him, and for the moment it is almost the real world to us. Listen to his description of the Crumb Fairy's humble home just outside the wall of the Arsenal at Greenock:

I was silent for a moment from sheer stupefaction, but I refrained from giving expression to my thoughts for fear of humiliating the worthy woman by an unbecoming observation. It is the most despicable thing in the world to mortify poverty, but it is the height of ingratitude and baseness when poverty is offering us a shelter. But I have not told you the cause of my embarrassment. You have certainly seen among the p'aythings of children, and you may perhaps remember (for it is the last thing one forgets) that you once yourself possessed, a pretty little cardboard house. . . . Such appeared to me at first sight the residence of the Crumb Fairy, and such you will find it still if your travels should one day take you to Greenock. It became impossible for me to hide my astonishment any longer. "Merciful heaven! *Fête aux Miettes*," I cried, "You have surely never got it into your head that we can enter that house!"

Charles Nodier was born in 1780 at Besançon, an old Roman town at the foot of the Juras, formerly the capital of Franche-Comté. It is almost surrounded by the river Doubs, and in the centre rises an imposing citadel built on a solid mass of rock. Many of the spacious streets and squares through which the schoolboy would pass on his way to college or to the cathedral still retained their Roman names, and at every break in the buildings he would catch a glimpse of green hills covered with vineyards. Within easy distance was the beautiful mountain scenery of the Juras, which doubtless had its due effect on the boy's romantic, dreamy temperament. His father was a lawyer and an ardent

democrat, but one who had little sympathy with the excesses of his party, and it is not surprising that Charles, who began as a Revolutionist, turned Royalist, as years went on, out of sheer pity for the unfortunate, and developed a burning hatred of capital punishment—"The incredible duty," as he called it, "of murdering legally in the market-place a being of the same organization as ourselves, who is our equal, or maybe our superior, in the exercise of every natural faculty." The sensitive, kindly lad shrank in horror from the cruelty and bloodshed of his time, and sought refuge in the legends and fairy-tales of the mountain-side. For even then he was beginning to tell himself those interminable and thrilling stories, "in which he was always, as of right, the principal personage."

Nodier has indicated in a few words his own character at the age of ten: "I passed for a fairly good and fairly studious little boy, but one who, had he liked, might certainly have made better progress." From the beginning, he loved the marvellous and mysterious, and hated the positive sciences. "And as I never changed," he remarks gravely, "I became as I grew older a sort of man without ceasing to be a sort of child." Later, he speaks of spending his twenty-fifth year, "Between romances and butterflies, love and poetry, in a poor and pretty village of the Juras which I ought never to have left."

When, at the age of forty-four, after a somewhat Bohemian and wandering life, he settled down in Paris as librarian of the *Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal*, he looked back on his boyhood with the keenest pleasure. Perhaps it was because he had so little to regret. "I recollect perfectly well," he tells us, "that the purest joy of a child is the pleasure he gives his parents." All of good that he had learnt in his youth from the industrious citizens of Besançon and from the simple peasants of the Juras, came back to him with renewed force during those twenty years from his appointment to the Arsenal in 1824 to his death in 1844. Occupied as he was in all the work of a philologist, and in collecting and studying rare books, it was during this time that he was telling and writing the greater part of his inimitable tales. "I say 'telling' advisedly, for Nodier's life-work was not solely that of an author. His personal influence on his contemporaries was very great. Open-handed and hospitable, there were always places set at his dinner-table for any guests who might happen to present themselves, and among those who often availed themselves of a standing invitation were Chateau-

briand, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Victor Hugo, and Béranger, the leaders of the Romantic movement of 1830, who broke away from the old classical and scholastic ideal in French literature. Such a movement had Nodier's whole-hearted sympathy. He was romantic by temperament, and was for ever turning his face wistfully towards the more credulous days when men "delightedly believed" all that Nodier himself would have liked to believe. He was always suspicious of reason, "purely human reason which distrusts everything because it sees nothing clearly," and he took care to caution his readers that "there is no folly so absurd but what you may find its origin written in a book of science."

Naturally enough, this dreamer was out of sympathy with his century, and when he had occasion to speak of it, he used words singularly applicable to the France of to-day :

If the Liberty we hear so much about is not, as I sometimes fear, a mere conjurer's illusion, its two principal sanctuaries are in the Faith of the religious-minded man and the Imagination of the poet. What other compensation can you promise to a soul overwhelmed by the sadness of life, what other future is henceforth left to such a soul, amid the shipwreck of so many hopes which have foundered in successive revolutions? Answer me this, you lovers of freedom, who are selling the stones of the monasteries, and undermining the hermit's cell. . . . But indeed, under your rule everything may enjoy a boundless freedom except Conscience and Genius.

But he can offer no advice, suggest no remedy, except that kindred spirits should try and forget it all for a time, and turn with him to some old legend, some charming fairy-tale. In his whimsical way, he tries to persuade them to believe it :

Meanwhile, I have not given up writing stories in which I am often the only one to believe—I wonder why, since my stories possess all the credentials requisite in a story, the indisputable probability of the facts, and the trustworthiness of the disinterested witness who relates them. For instance, what interest should I have in imagining that the wolf ate Little Red Riding Hood, if he did not eat her? Would to Heaven that he had not eaten her and that you could prove it to me this very moment, for even to this day I reckon it among my troubles, although my troubles are so very numerous. People do not invent that sort of thing, they only mention it with regret when it is absolutely necessary in order to deduce from it some wholesome moral, or excellent rule of conduct, such as those which naturally follow from the catastrophe of poor Red Riding Hood, to wit,—firstly, that one should never confide

one's secret to the wicked, and secondly, that little girls should not be allowed to go out quite alone.

Or, do we want something more serious, then he will write us an essay—an essay on Punch, Punch the Eternal :

We are all of us growing older, whoever we are, around Punch who never changes. Dynasties pass, kingdoms fall, peerages, more tenacious of life than kingdoms, disappear ; newspapers, which have destroyed all these, disappear for want of subscribers. Nay, what am I saying ! Nations vanish from the earth, religions descend into the abyss of the past after the religions which have preceded them ; the *Opéra Comique* has twice had to shut its doors, yet Punch never shuts his doors ! Punch is still flogging the same child ; Punch is still beating the same wife.

But Nodier can be really serious too—almost tragic, with a certain bald simplicity. In the *Souvenirs de Jeunesse* he relates the sudden termination of his childish love for a little playmate :

In the obscure morning light, I saw two old women stooping down and sewing something. Séraphine's bed was empty.

The thing they were sewing was a white sheet, and the thing they were sewing in the sheet was Séraphine.

People have often asked me since why I am sad.

But bare, brutal fact is not in Nodier's line. Rather he turns by preference to the pleasing, gracious, pathetic sides of life, seeing them as it were transfigured and in a golden haze. Even senility is but to him "that state of grace and innocence which restores to the aged the sweet ignorance of childhood." For himself, he loves best the poor and the simple of this world, and it is nearly always about these that he wishes to talk to us. He grows enthusiastic over Baptiste Montauban, the poor idiot boy, over Gervais, the blind youth of Chamouny, over Monsieur Cazotte, whose attractive contentedness, "that serious gaiety of soul," could not save him from the guillotine. He has a *culte* for the unfortunate, for children and old people. Speaking of his own youth he says :

The young people of those days did not despise the conversation of the old, for they rightly thought there was something to be learnt from them. To-day old age is much less respected, and I am not surprised—youth has so little to learn.

Ah ! if we had had the good fortune to live some seventy

years ago, we might have heard from Nodier's own lips those charming *Contes de la Veillée*, on the title-page of which the editor has dared to place the words (Nodier's own) which figure at the head of this paper:

Let the little ones come! It will do them no harm to hear my stories—you know me well enough to believe that.

We have missed much, for, as Alexandre Dumas assures us, "not only was Nodier amusing to hear, but he was also charming to look at," with "his long, lean body, his long, thin arms, his long, white hands, and his long face full of a melancholy kindness." Even now, though the *Franc-Comtois* accent is wanting, the *naïveté*, the freshness, the grace of these little tales can scarcely be exaggerated. Probably Nodier is such a good story-teller because he enjoys it so much himself. And then his invitation is so cordial:

The winter will be long and dull. The aspect of nature is not cheerful, that of the social world scarcely more so. You fear to be bored at the theatre. You fear to be bored at a concert. You fear above all to be bored at a party. Well then, stay at home, make up a big fire, very red and clear and hot and crackling, turn down the lights, which indeed are scarcely wanted, order your servant (if you happen to have one) not to disturb you unless you ring, and, this done, I invite you either to tell stories or to listen to them, surrounded by your family and friends, for I am not supposing that you are alone. If you are alone, however, tell yourself a story. This too is a pleasure and one which has its value. I have tried everything, and I never really enjoyed anything else.

"A striking example of the failure of a great genius," says an English critic. But is it a failure to know one's own limitations and, having regard to them, to do a small thing perfectly? Is an exquisite miniature painting a failure? Is our English Lake District a failure because it lacks the grandeur of the Alps? It is true that Nodier's work is very unequal, and he would be the first to admit it, he, so humble, who spoke of himself as a man of "mediocre" talent. But in the difficult art of the short story he is peculiarly successful. Not only has he imagination, but he has style, that unmistakable quality so difficult to define yet so easy to recognize. And this style of his, pre-eminently simple, unassuming, natural, came to him, as it has come to many others, by sheer hard work. His vivid imagination, his chivalrous nature, his kindly sarcasm, were

born with him, but the form in which he expressed himself was the result of patient study. Not content with being a classical scholar and a great reader of his own and other languages, he copied out three times with his own hand the *Pantagruel* and *Gargantua* of Rabelais, in order to familiarize himself with their wonderful vocabulary. Strange to say, the result was a clearness, a refined homeliness of language, most admirably suited to the subject-matter of his tales. "Your review will tell you," he warns us, "that the style of the *Fée aux Miettes* is singularly common. I confess I wish that it were more so . . . I have adopted it with the firm intention of being in advance of the day which must inevitably come, and that soon, when in literature there will be nothing rare but the common, nothing extraordinary but the simple, nothing new but the old."

Besides his love for the poor and the humble, Nodier had another great love in his life, that of fairies. He loved them in his own half-serious, half-playful way, and he has left us his reasoned theory on the subject in his *Essay on the Fantastic in Literature*. Better than any theory, however, are the tales he has himself written, unique in their way, and singularly convincing, as they are meant to be, for the author of *Trilby* and the *Fée aux Miettes* realizes that there is only one way of telling a fairy story successfully, as there is only one way of telling a ghost story. "To interest people in a fantastic tale," he says, "you must first of all get them to believe you, and an indispensable condition of being believed, is to believe." It is for this reason that in the *Fée aux Miettes* he puts his story into the mouth of a lunatic, and gives him as intermediary with the public, another lunatic, so to speak, an impressionable, melancholy, disillusioned man, weary of the positive facts of life.

Nodier also might well have said :

For the elemental beings go
About my table to and fro.

But because he is French and not Celtic, he does not manage to believe in his fairies quite so thoroughly as does Mr. Yeats. He has a lurking fear that they may vanish, and this fear makes him insistent :

Come, you who have not yet despaired of yourselves and of your future in the midst of this chaos of nations where one despairs of everything, come ! But above all, let us lose no time. To-morrow,

perhaps, it will be too late . . . Let us hasten to hear the delightful tales of the people, before men forget them, before they blush at them.

For to Nodier, too, folk-lore is the oldest of the arts. And he calls to us as he called to those of his own age, the age immediately following the French Revolution, to come and listen to his stories. He will help us to pass the time agreeably, that is all he promises to do. "I do not know the use of books," he tells us, "except to amuse those who read. They are probably not meant to instruct people or make them better." The scepticism of his century has touched him also, as we divine from a certain tone of sadness amid all his delicate humour. He wishes *us* to possess "the inestimable happiness of believing," but for himself he cannot quite believe in anything, least of all in progress. And he tries to forget, and turns his face backward towards the ages of faith, as he gives us without a jarring note the beautiful Legend of Sister Beatrix, pausing awhile to compliment the Church on that "admirable Litany of the Blessed Virgin, in which faith has spoken all unconsciously the language of the sublimest poetry."

Yes, just for half an hour we will come, dear Nodier, and all the more readily that we may bring the children with us. There will be no danger for them—those who know you, know that. Only we must not stay in the charmed wood with you too long, for you would almost persuade us to dream our lives away, and that is a thing we cannot afford to do. We are not so afraid of progress as you are, nor so distrustful of the human intellect which, after all, is God-given. But while we are with you we do not reason, we only listen; and to listen to you is a rest and a delight, and the pleasure seems the greater because you speak to us in French, and with that elegant simplicity which is the highest art.

E. M. WALKER.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Cells and Cellars.

THAT history is apt to repeat itself has passed into a proverb, and the marvellous exactitude with which it frequently reiterates its own past performances cannot but claim the attention of the least observant. Such an instance has recently been furnished in connection with the revolutionary outbreak at Lisbon, regarding which various English newspapers have not enhanced their character for sobriety and common sense.

It is sixty years since certain features of the nascent Birmingham Oratory excited anxiety and alarm in the neighbourhood, and seemed not unlikely to serve as the basis for a fresh item of the Protestant tradition, had not its absurdity been immortalized by Cardinal Newman in his famous lectures "On the Position of Catholics in England."

As he explained, the whole commotion was caused by the far from unusual circumstance that the ground in one direction was somewhat higher than in the other, and that, as there is a prejudice among Catholics in favour of horizontal floors, it was therefore necessary to construct some sort of a basement at the lower end of the projected edifice, which being, moreover, the kitchen end, made the provision of something in the way of cellars by no means inconvenient. But the building operations thus necessitated presently attracted attention and aroused suspicion. What, it was asked, could such a house, a religious house, have to do with cellars? To what possible use could monks put pits and holes and corners and outhouses and sheds? And the obvious truth soon flashed upon the mind: *These cellars were cells.* They were destined, no doubt, to be the scene of all the horrors of the Inquisition. Thus, says Newman, a tradition was started, which under favourable conditions might have lived and prospered; but it was forced prematurely upon the world, while those were still alive who were acquainted with the real history of the matter. "It was spoken on the rooftops when it should have been whispered in closets, and it

expired in the effort." But had it been allowed to smoulder quietly, till all were gone who could contradict it, it might have been allotted a happier destiny, and years afterwards an excited mob might have swarmed about these innocent premises, "to rescue certain legs of mutton and pats of butter from imprisonment; and to hold an inquest over a dozen packing-cases, some old hampers, a knife-board, and a range of empty blacking-bottles."

That the occurrences at Lisbon will be more fortunate seems not impossible, for although many who know what really took place will probably long survive, the strict censorship of information transmitted abroad which the revolutionary Government has enforced, makes it difficult or impossible to put anything on record except what confirms the story as they desire it should be believed. Whatever tells to the discredit of the odious clerics, or tends to their ridicule, is freely allowed to pass; what tells in the opposite direction is mutilated, if not altogether suppressed. In such conditions, the old ideas about monasteries, that is to say, about religious houses of all kinds, are naturally in evidence. We have been told, for example, of a Jesuit establishment, sometimes described as a monastery, sometimes as a College, in the Rua de Quelhas, which seems to have been a special centre of clerical strategy, being, we were told, so hotly assailed for some hours by a considerable portion of the Portuguese army, that its walls were pitted with the musket-balls rained upon it. As a matter of fact, there was in this street an old and rather dilapidated house, in which dwelt eight old Jesuit Fathers and five or six lay-Brothers, which formidable garrison had already been arrested and clapped in gaol, so that when at last the assault was made, there was nobody found inside.

Here is evidently ample room for legendary developments, untrammelled by any excessive precision in regard of facts. It is, however, more to our purpose to consider the history of another Jesuit establishment, the College at Campolide, on the outskirts of the city, various features of which recall what we have heard concerning the Birmingham Oratory. As we were told by no less an authority than the *Times* correspondent:¹

Coming within the proscription of the new Government, this was entered by troops. Search parties disclosed a quaint blend of

¹ October 13, 1910.

Inquisitorial mysteries and modern educational and domestic appointments. The dormitories and cubicles were comparable to a Rowton House, the salons would have graced a City guild, and the kitchens were equal to those of a modern restaurant. All these were above a maze of subterranean passages, crypts, and *caches*, that would have done credit to the Bastille.

Yet here, the explanation of it all was exactly the same as in the other case of which we have heard. As the Archbishop of Westminster, speaking from personal observation, wrote two days afterwards to the *Times*:¹

The College happens to be built on a slope, and part of it is raised on arches.² These arched recesses have been wisely used for various domestic purposes, and they constitute the whole of the mystery which your correspondent has described so luridly for the benefit of his English readers.

In this case, what Newman spoke of as an unfulfilled possibility, actually took place, and a rabble, whether civil or military, actually looted the building. According to the same correspondent:

In spite of the sordid mysteries of its foundations, the College was sufficiently garnished to excite the cupidity of those armed partisans of the revolution whose business is profit rather than patriotism.

We are not told, however, what were the sordid mysteries in question, nor is any account rendered, as by the Cardinal, of what these patriots could actually find.

But the parallel between the two cases is still closer. Of a scientific report brought as evidence by some of the Edgbaston alarmists, Dr. Newman remarked that one passage in it had never been answered, "or perhaps construed," and it is certainly a curious circumstance to find that there is a good deal in the writing of the correspondent in question which it is difficult or impossible to render in intelligible English. Of the College under discussion, he says:

This institution . . . under the cloak of educational functions has practised all the monastieral intrigues and seclusions that are illegal in this country.

¹ October 15th.

² As we now learn these arched recesses were outside the building altogether, beneath a flower-garden which covered an old quarry whence stone was dug for the building of the College. There were arches on the ground-floor to secure the level above, but these were wholly above ground.

What on earth this means, who shall say? and what may it not be made to mean should it be allowed to descend to posterity as contemporary evidence of what was found going on in Portugal at this epoch? "Monasterial intrigues and seclusions;" the phrase is quite as good as "Mobled Queen."

J. G.

The Pope or—Luther.

Elevate Anglicanism to whatever height you like, yet you cannot shake it free of its essential Lutheranism. Of this the *Church Times*, week after week, is the unconscious but emphatic witness. "*O Papa, ero mors tua*," cried the heresiarch in his rage. "The Papacy," echoes the *Church Times*,¹ with less directness, but with equal malice—

as an institution stands condemned. For the hundredth time it is false to its own pretensions. It divides where it pretends to unite, it paralyzes where it pretends to stimulate, it leads into the morass those whom it pretends to be guiding into safety. We are well rid of it.

In some such fashion, we recollect, argued the fox which had lost its tail, but in vain, and the eloquence of the *Church Times*, which has lost its Head, is just as little convincing to the Christian who is not acephalous. But the *Church Times* protests that it has not lost its head, and in a later issue² it proceeds to give its own quaint theory of Church Authority in the following words—

The Bishop, then, is the only head of discipleship. From him all discipline proceeds. But what is the nature of his authority? It is not original. It is derived. He represents the one Head of the Church: he is the Vicar of Christ.

Now, this is surely out of the frying-pan into the fire. For a single Pope at Rome, are we to have one in every diocese? By no means, says the *Church Times*.

He [the Bishop] shares that Vicariate with others, and must act in agreement with them. A Bishop who takes an independent line, disregarding his colleagues in the Episcopate, is false to his office. The moral value of his authority ceases.

But what if more than one Bishop takes an independent line?—a thing that may very easily happen in the Anglican

¹ October 7th.

² October 14th.

Church. Which, for instance, has been false to his office—the Bishop of Birmingham or the Bishop of Liverpool, who hold vitally different views on the question of the Real Presence? Or again, were the eighty-four Anglican Bishops on the right lines who maintained the entire indissolubility of marriage,¹ or their eighty-seven colleagues who would sanction the re-marriage of the innocent party? It would puzzle even the *Church Times* to determine which Bishop out of the whole hierarchy has really retained his authority, for we may apply to the Church it claims to represent what was said of Israel in the time of the Judges—"In those days, there was no Pope in the Church, and every Bishop did what seemed right in his own eyes."² Not that the leader-writer, unconscious of the difficulty, leaves us altogether without a test—

How shall it be known [he asks] when a Bishop is thus falsifying his authority? We come here, as we must always come, to the individual Christian conscience. A Christian who knows, or *thinks he knows*,³ his Bishop and Pastor to be so erring owes him no obedience. He owes him rather defiance.

Alas! for the *Church Times*! We come here, as we must always come (if we reject the Pope) to Luther and Private Judgment! Out of his own mouth do we condemn the writer. Earlier in his article he says, quite soundly :

To be a disciple is not to submit one's conscience in docile fashion to the control of a guide who teaches what one believes, who orders what one desires to do, who pleases one's fancy or *approves himself to one's judgment*.³ it is to recognize the fact, independent of one's own desires, that here is a man commissioned from on high to direct souls in the way of Christ.

This is good Catholic doctrine, but hardly consistent with that quoted above. If we are not to believe because our teacher "approves himself to our judgment," where does the individual Christian conscience come in? If we are supposed to obey, even when our judgment does not approve, what guarantee have we (unless our ruler is infallible) that we are being directed in the way of Christ? To assert a "commission from on high" to teach, and to deny the note of certainty to the teaching, is merely to make reason the final court of appeal. Only to an

¹ See Resolution 40 of the *Lambeth Conference*, August 5, 1908.

² *Jud.* xvii. 6.

³ *Italics* ours.

authority divinely secured against error can the human intellect lawfully give its assent in matters beyond its reach. If each Bishop is so endowed, the individual Christian conscience has no business to sit in judgment upon him. Its sole function, having found an infallible guide, is not to question his directions but to understand, with a view to obeying them. If, on the other hand, one Bishop may go wrong, so may a whole hierarchy; and the individual Christian conscience is as competent to judge the lot as it is to judge one. To do it justice, the *Church Times* has never hesitated to criticize or condemn episcopal principles and conduct. But it cannot have it both ways. It must stick to Luther or accept the Pope.

J. K.

Ex Opere Operantis.

The recent commotion amongst Anglicans caused by the conversion of a large number of Brighton clergymen to the Catholic faith has naturally found expression in a variety of comments more or less off the point. Only those who see eye to eye with the converts can be expected to appreciate their motives aright: those whom they have left in Anglicanism must necessarily think them mistaken. But we cannot see why it should be cast up against them, as it has frequently been, that by their submission to the one Church of Christ they have denied the validity of the sacraments they have received, and given the lie to all that God has done for their souls by means of those sacraments. There is a strange confusion here between the grace a true sacrament confers of itself when there is no obstacle in the soul of the recipient and the grace which is given on occasion of the reception in proportion to the accompanying dispositions—the familiar *ex opere operato* and *ex opere operantis* of our catechisms. The reception of the Anglican sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, which Catholics know to confer no grace whatever of themselves, may very well be accompanied by an abundant outpouring of grace on account of the good faith and fervour of those that receive them. On conversion to Catholicity one may gratefully recognize such gifts of God's bounty whilst admitting oneself to have been in error with regard to their total cause. To have to deny that one has ever had the power to administer these sacraments is no doubt a hard sacrifice to make, but its very

difficulty is a testimony to the honesty and zeal for truth of those who make it. At the same time, to judge of the reality of a sacrament by the subjective spiritual experience undergone on receiving it is to apply a test unknown to Catholic theology.

J. K.

"The Church of England shall be free."

"Don't read me history," Sir Robert Walpole is reported to have said, "for that I know is not true;" and it certainly would appear that nothing bears so charmed a life as unhistorical error. A signal example has been once more exhibited by no less a person than the Bishop of London on a very solemn occasion, during his recent visit to Canada.

Addressing a Convention, at Montreal, of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and wishing to show how much better it is to be a member of the English than of the Roman Church, his Lordship thus delivered himself:¹

If the [English] Church was founded by Henry VIII., as he found some people thought, why do we find in the Magna Carta the words, "The Church of England shall be free"?

It is quite inexplicable that such a scholar as Dr. Ingram should fail to see that, on the face of it, the purport of the words he quotes is directly contrary to what he intends; as has been pointed out repeatedly, and quite recently in our own pages.² The freedom for which the Charter stipulated, was from regal, not from Papal, interference, and the incident which had brought matters to a head was the King's refusal to admit the Archbishop appointed by the Pope. Moreover, the same Papal nominee, Cardinal Langton, was amongst the chief abettors of the barons who extorted the Charter, and he had with him Pandulf, "Archdeacon and familiar of the Pope," who was afterwards Papal legate. It seems obvious that such persons cannot have been anxious to curtail or abolish Papal prerogatives.

It is even more remarkable that, at his trial, Sir Thomas More, in order to justify his refusal of King Henry's new oath, involving the doctrine of Royal Supremacy and National

¹ *Church Times*, September 30, 1910, p. 410.

² "Continuity and the Statute-Book." By A. J. O'Connor. *THE MONTH*, September, 1910.

Church independence, appealed in his support to the very clause of the Charter quoted by the Bishop. After describing the Act of Parliament wherein the Oath was enacted as "directly repugnant to the laws of God," since the headship of the Church was divinely settled on the successors of St. Peter, More thus proceeded :¹

For proof thereof, . . . further showed he that it was both contrary to the laws and statutes of this our land yet unrepealed, as they might evidently perceive in *MAGNA CHARTA, quod Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit, et habeat omnia jura sua integra, et libertates suas illaesas*, and also contrary to that sacred oath which the King's highness himself [Henry VIII.] and every other Christian prince always with great solemnity received at their coronation.

And whereas the Bishop exclaimed, "We believe it to be a glorious thing to be a member of the Church of England," Sir Thomas, on the other hand, declared

that this realm, being but a member and a small part of the Church, might not make a particular law disagreeable with the general law of Christ's universal Catholic Church, no more than the City of London, being but one poor member in respect of the whole realm, might make a law against an Act of Parliament to bind the whole realm.

His Lordship must surely have been in straits when he had recourse to such an argument ; though it seems quite to have satisfied his auditors, being greeted with much enthusiasm. What is harder to understand is the complacency with which it is put on record in cold blood by his friends at home.

J. G.

A Neglected Confessor.

Deeds of daring are always more attractive when wrought in the hour of defeat or amidst companions who are panic-stricken. Hence the special interest with which we read of the heroism of those priests ordained in Queen Mary's days, who remained faithful during the dark hour that ensued after Elizabeth had triumphed and before the general Catholic reaction had set in. The following is the all too scanty record of one of these "Marian Priests," who died confessing his faith in prison.

Oliver Haywood compounded for the first-fruits of the

¹ Roper's *Life*, p. 86, Ed. 1832.

Vicarage of Arnold, Nottinghamshire, October 6, 1553, and of the Vicarage of St. Mary's, Nottingham, February 13, 1554-5, and he was succeeded after deprivation, in the Rectory of Colwick, Nottinghamshire, in 1569. He was arrested on Palm Sunday, April 4, 1574, for saying Mass in Lady Guildford's house in Trinity Lane, London, and was released on the following August 26th. However he was imprisoned again later, and on June 27, 1586, he was removed from the Wood Street Counter to Newgate, where he died on the following July 15th.¹

His name does not occur in the *Concertatio Ecclesiae*, nor in any other list of Catholic confessors, so far as the present writer is aware. Let this tardy note be a monument to his memory.

J. B. W.

Wrong-headed Peace-Propagandists.

We read in *Concord* for September of this year, that the Eighteenth International Peace Congress, which met last August at Stockholm, discussed amongst other topics the "Right of Legitimate Defence," but refused by a very large majority to pass a resolution which, on the assumption that there was such a right, called on the various Governments to study the methods of limiting it by definition. The report of the discussion shows evidently how the canker of false doctrine has infected the very heart of the non-Catholic Peace Movement. For the resolution was evidently rejected because the majority of the delegates were convinced that no such right exists. They were Tolstoyans, advocates of the absurd and impracticable doctrine of non-resistance. As one speaker implied, they refused the right of self-defence to the State because they denied it to the individual. On this false principle various illogical structures were erected. One member opposed the definition on the ground that their business was not to define how war could be carried on but how to prevent it, the implication being, that he would forbid even legitimate defence. Another orator deprecated the title of non-resister. He, forsooth, was for *moral* as opposed to *physical*

¹ The authorities for the above statements are (1) the Composition Books in the Record Office; (2) Stow's *Annales*; (3) Dasent's *Acts of the Privy Council*, vii. 287; (4) Gee's *Elizabethan Clergy*, p. 292; and (5) the Catholic Record Society's Publications, vol. ii.

resistance. As if moral resistance could have any effect against physical attack! Again (said a speaker from France), let them not distinguish between just and unjust war; they did not want *any* war. If they established proper relations between nations, there would be no need of war for defence. Here we have the usual fatuous legislation for non-existent conditions. By parity of reasoning, *if* we could establish proper relations between individuals, there would be no need for the police. But pending the advent of the social and political millennium, we have no choice but to retain the armed guardians both of civil and of international law.

The progress of the Peace-Movement will be slow and uncertain so long as it is hampered by sentimental and irrational advocacy like this. No cause can prosper, if it so flies in the face of common sense and common experience. One may trace these two root-errors underlying most of the Peace-propaganda of the sects. The first is that Christian perfection is a matter of divine precept: the second is that what holds for the individual applies without qualification to the community. Owing to the first, our Lord's exhortation not to resist evil is made a law binding under sin and rendering defence even against unjust aggression positively evil; whereas it stands exactly on the same footing as His counsel to sell all and give to the poor. The second commits them to the silly *non-sequitur* that, because the individual may not ordinarily take the law into his own hands, but must have recourse for protection and redress to the authority under which he lives, therefore, the State, although it has no such authority to appeal to, must not prosecute its rights by force. These people will not recognize that until mankind attains perfection so as to be effectively and universally swayed by moral considerations alone, the moral law itself calls for the use (or the display) of force to support and sanction it. Until the States of mankind join in setting up an International Authority to enforce the moral law in international relations, each State must do its best to provide for its own interests by its own efforts, and this in the last instance means the employment (or the threat) of armed violence, *i.e.* War.

There is no reason why such an International Tribunal should not ultimately be established. There is much in the present state of human affairs that points in that direction. But there is a form of Internationalism, which all Catholics must

regard with abhorrence and which we regret to see covertly advocated in the issue of *Concord* under notice,—the Internationalism, which repudiates lawful authority in Church and State and whose other name is Anarchism. To what other spirit are we to ascribe an article which speaks of the vile human scum of Barcelona, sackers of convents and murderers of nuns, as “unselfish heroes” and of the anarchist Ferrer, the cowardly instigator of all that bloodshed and robbery, as

a great heroic figure, unknown except to a few during his life, but instantly recognized after his tragic end as the ideal synthesis or embodied symbol of most of the social, economic and intellectual movements throbbing in the heart and mind of thousands of his contemporaries.

If this fustian rant in praise of a condemned felon, who was a traitor to his God and his country, an atheist and an evil liver, may be taken to indicate the sympathies of *Concord*, the *Journal of the International Arbitration and Peace Association*, Catholics would do well to regard it with suspicion, and meanwhile they can bear with equanimity its announcement that its financial condition is very precarious.

J. K.

“The Call of Portugal.”

In the *Times* for October 14th there appeared a letter signed by the Rev. F. S. Webster and Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, “hon. secretaries of the Religious Tract Society.” From it we take the following extract, which will explain its purport :

The opportunity for the spread of the Gospel afforded by the present situation in Portugal seems peculiarly hopeful and urgent. For some time past the Lisbon agent of the Religious Tract Society has been urging our committee to do more to take advantage of the popular movement towards religious freedom. A nation long held in intellectual and religious bondage is now claiming the sacred right of religious liberty and preparing to educate the people (seventy-eight per cent. of whom cannot read) to use that right intelligently and wisely. Unless adequate efforts are made to make known the Gospel of Christ at this critical moment the nation will drift into infidelity. . . . The Portuguese of all parties have confidence in the friendship of England. Let us prove our friendship by giving them at this crisis in their national history that knowledge of the Gospel which has done so much

for us. Our committee are anxious to raise a sum of £3,000 to be spent in Portugal during the next three years.

Since this letter appeared an advertisement four times repeated in a prominent place in the *Times*, under the heading, "The Call of Portugal," refers back to it, and asks for contributions towards the £3,000 wanted for the contemplated work of the next three years, which it characterizes as "the fight against the forces of Materialism and Romanism."

Truly these no-Popery Protestants are a strange race. A movement has been going on for some years in Portugal, the most conspicuous achievements of which have been the assassination of a king three years ago, and quite lately the filling of the streets of Lisbon with blood, and driving a multitude of quiet-living men and women, devoted to the care of the sick and the poor and the helpless, out of their homes, imprisoning them after the manner described elsewhere in this number, stripping them of all their goods, and destining them to a life-long exile, all for the high crime and misdemeanour of clinging to the Catholic religion. It is this movement which the two hon. secretaries call "the popular movement in favour of religious freedom," the "popular" element in it being furnished by the *apaches* of Lisbon. This nation, as represented by this popular element and the bourgeois group of militant atheists which pulls the strings for it, has among other projects announced its intention to abolish all religious teaching from the schools of Portugal, in conscious imitation of the system which in France has resulted already in a conspicuous downfall of morality, indeed even in a multiplication of child-suicides at the spectacle of which men of all classes are aghast. It is this project of entirely secularizing the schools which our honorary secretaries call "claiming the sacred right of religious liberty and preparing to educate the people, seventy-eight per cent. of whom cannot read [which if true must be the fault of the anti-clerical State, not the Church] to use that right intelligently and wisely."

At such a moment and under such circumstances these fanatics propose to undertake their "fight against Materialism and Romanism." Here is another curious perversion of language, for to the authors of the Revolution, that is, to the very men who are apostles and firm advocates of Materialism, they look not for opposition but for sympathy and aid. It is their advent

to power which has made "the opportunity . . . seem peculiarly hopeful and urgent." "Do you believe in the redemption of our Lord Jesus?" we can imagine one of these gentlemen saying to Senhor Braga or Senhor Costa. "Certainly not," is the reply they get. "Ah! that is sad, but at least you acknowledge and worship a Personal God?" "Indeed we do not." "Ah! that is sadder still, but you hate Romanism, do you not?" "Yes, that we do, and we are trying our best to overwhelm it with accusations of the vilest character. Can you help us in this?" "Yes, indeed, we are on common ground here, so let us embrace as brothers and work together."

In carrying out the campaign of calumny doubtless they will work together and with much success, for both parties are adepts in the art. In what other respects these English fanatics will succeed is more doubtful. Certainly they will not, by the dissemination of their Gospel literature, induce the Portuguese to become sincere Protestants, for this sort of Protestant ware is made in England and finds favour in England only. Still, if they offer financial assistance to those who will attend their churches, it is quite likely that, aided by the Provisional Government, whose desire just now is to set up a Schismatic Church, they will get as many as they can pay for. We would suggest to them then to take advantage of the present distress in Portugal, where—as the result of the recent events, which have shut up the convents, dislocated trade, driven well-to-do people out of the country, and caused general anxiety—the number of the destitute is increasing alarmingly. The Trinas Convent, for instance, is now empty and dismantled, and the recipients—Catholics, atheists, anarchists, to whom, aided by charitable Catholics, the good nuns used to give out many thousand free meals a day—must be sadly in want of some who will take the nuns' place. Here is a "call from Portugal;" let these zealous people respond to it, only let them follow the method of the expelled nuns, and administer their charity free from any religious tests.

S. F. S.

Reviews.

I.—THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.¹

CANON HOBHOUSE'S Bampton Lectures for 1909 form a volume of such significance that these few lines are not intended to exclude a longer and more adequate notice in these pages at some future date. Coming as they do so soon after Mr. J. H. F. Peile's *Reproach of the Gospel* (Bampton Lectures, 1907), it is the more striking that, by quite a different route, they should arrive at almost the same conclusions, and are certainly pervaded with the same tendency to depression, soul-sickness, hope-against-hope at best. Only an invincibly optimistic will succeeds, in both books, in conquering the discouragement born of the evidence. And if this optimism be in reality that of faith, there is room indeed for consolation, and for trust that at the august Advent faith will still be found upon the earth, even though the love of so very many—constant refrain of these two volumes—have waxed cold.

For this discouragement is not chiefly due—though how largely due!—to the sight of so many schemes for social betterment defeated; so many philosophies of life proved as futile as the older schemes they profess to replace and which they but reproduce disguised; nor to the bewilderment of soul engendered by a criticism which crumbles the foundation-documents on which belief had been erected; nor to a multiplicity of new knowledge which seems to leave Christianity but one of many creeds, born, like them, of human necessities, and like them to pass. It is the universal "failure" of Christianity really to possess and dominate the souls of its adherents, really to convert the world, which saddens both authors so profoundly. The temptation comes to look back to the old image of the leaven, and to ask whether in its purifying work, *as itself* Christianity must not cease to exist, like the leaven, which, making good bread, becomes invisible, altered, no more itself. But alas, the purification of the world is not effected. The Church overcomes

¹ By Walter Hobhouse, M.A., Chancellor of Birmingham Cathedral. London: Macmillan. Pp. 411. Price, 10s. net. 1910.

the world (c. ii.) only to be secularized by the world (c. iii.). Constantine's "conversion" signs, in a sense, her death-warrant: Theodosius carries on his work, stifling liberty, leaving the Church not merely in the world, but of it. Even the barbarian conversions (c. iv.) carried out wholesale and by force, paganize the Church's rites, and degrade her morals: the Papacy (c. v.), deceptively magnificent, and for a time superbly unitive, and therefore advantageous, really carries men down into the corruption of a tyranny more shocking than that of the State, which succeeded it (c. vi.). The "legalism, materialism, and spiritual torpor" of the seventeenth century were due to its Erastianism, and this, coupled to the disintegration of Christendom owing to the rejection of all authority, ends in the "Religious Chaos of To-day" (c. vii.). This chapter, and chapter viii., "The Future Outlook," will interest many whom the author's more "historical" paragraphs—Ecclesiastical history, he owns, has been but the *πάρεργον* of his life; and we are not prepared to deny that a somewhat hesitating and impersonal touch at times reveals this—have left cold. The Church, he had argued from the beginning, was meant—a primary preoccupation of her Founder—to be a real society, perfect in itself, but essentially in opposition to, dissociated from, the world. To her entanglement all over Europe with perverse or indifferent States, or States which at least have developed faster and farther, or anyhow otherwise than she, is largely due, it is argued, our terrible generation of "nominal Christians;" of men who never have felt "how very *hard* it is to be a Christian." Not merely, as Browning admirably taught, that it is of course hard to *live up* to one's ideal, but that the whole ideal is still eclipsed, the sheer *imagination* to grasp the mysteries offered to human destiny, is lacking.

Reunion is proposed as a part of any scheme of betterment: "the idea of discipline and obligation must be restored:" practically, Establishment must be abandoned. The last point is easy of realization, and probably nigh to be realized. But Reunion? Discipline restored outside the Roman Church? *Ter conatus ibi* . . . How often and often have those Christians, not of Christ's true Church, striven to grasp that vision *simillima somno* in its elusive flight. Yet let them reach; "a man's reach should exceed his grasp;" and the shades reach in time the "further shore" in passionate hope for which Vergil watched their stretched-out hands.

2.—LOOKING FACTS IN THE FACE.¹

Mr. St. George Stock, who may be described from his writings as a "reverent Agnostic," a man whose intellect travels away from God as his heart goes out to Him, has massed his difficulties in this *brochure* of 200 pages. And, undoubtedly, they are difficulties. Mr. Stock belongs to that class of antagonists who deserve our serious consideration, not our ridicule. He writes on Hebraism and Hellenism, Creation, Toleration, Proofs of the Existence of God, the Problem of Evil, and finally arrives at a worship of what he would like to call God the Holy Ghost, to the rejection of the Father (Judaism), and the Son (Christianity), but is fain to acquiesce in designating "the Spirit of Good," something within, not outside of man, which looks very like the Modernist Deity. Mr. Stock, being a diligent reader of the Scriptures, is much exercised over the bloodshed ascribed to Jahweh. It may be doubted however whether even he has that thorough acquaintance with the Oriental mind which alone fits one to approach such a difficulty. There is further involved the difficult ethical question of Progressive Morality; also this hard bit of theology, how far God may tolerate, and in some sense be said to order, proceedings which in the full-grown Christian would be not permissible. St. Paul touches this matter in Acts xvii. 30; Rom. iii. 25, 26: vii. 8, 9; and it often engaged the attention of the Fathers of the Church. The discussion would lead us too far afield. We may more conveniently deal with Mr. Stock's chapter on the God of Theism. He defines "person" as, "a combination of body and soul, possessed of reason and will, implying desires and a moral character; and further with a notion of self as distinguished from a not-self." On this definition he readily shows that God is not a person. But then nobody ever said He was. It is in fact a definition of man. The argumentation breaks down when we define person, "an intellectual nature complete in itself." To overthrow a theological position, you must either accept its definitions or show cause for setting them aside.

Mr. Stock, however, strikes a real difficulty when he writes: "A person is something essentially finite: . . . the very notion of person carries with it the idea of limitation." How then can the Infinite God be a person? It may be replied that person-

¹ By St. George Stock, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford: Lecturer in Greek in Birmingham University. London: Constable. Pp. 200. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910.

ality involves, not exactly limitation, but exclusiveness. And God does exclude the whole universe from Himself. The universe is not God, and He is God, infinitely above the universe, so infinitely above it that, in comparison with His being, and in the sense in which He is, the universe cannot be said to have being at all. Whatever of good and reality there is in the universe, is in God in an eminent and better way: thus God is not limited or lessened by the fact of the universe being distinct from Him.

One more remark. To "postulate a nature of things over which he," namely, God, or rather, the free will of God, "has no control" is not to "suggest that his (God's) power may be limited." For, in the first place, this "nature of things" means no more than God's own nature as imitable in possible creations; and secondly, it is no limitation of power not to be able to do what is against the nature of things, *i.e.* is intrinsically absurd. All these remarks may appear to Mr. Stock no better than quibbles. If he had spent upon the study of theology one half of the time and pains which the Catholic Church insists on every one of her clerics spending ere she will ordain him priest, he would see the matter in a more true light of science. Catholic theology is a vaster, more elaborate, and better-built system than Mr. Stock, fine scholar as he is and typical Oxonian, has any conception of. We hope to return to Mr. St. George Stock another day.

3.—FATHER CORNELY'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE.¹

The method and spirit of Cornely's *Introduction* is so well known, that a reviewer may be forgiven if he but indicates the nature of some of the additions due to the Editor of this sixth edition. Of course the decrees of the Biblical Commission and *Lamentabili sane* are inserted. What is very important to the would-be rapid reader, is the addition throughout of marginal numbers to the paragraphs, and of a (not very full) Index of reference based upon them. In App. xii. there are some new chronological tables, of which the guarantee is to be sought, Father Hagen tells us, in his well-known Biblical Lexicon,

¹ *Historicae et Criticae Introductionis in Utriusque Testamenti Libros Sacros Compendium.* R. Cornely, S.J. Ed. 6a. Revised and Completed by M. Hagen, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux. Pp. xv, 712. Price, 8.00 fr. 1909.

1905—1910. Needless to say the bibliography has been brought up to date.

The more material additions concern, in the main, the various Old Testament versions. In §§ 238—257, the question of the Pentateuchal sources is discussed with accuracy, but with no sympathy for the distribution of the Mosaic books between P, JE, D, &c. §§ 380, 381, deal with the safer, but almost equally vexed, topic of Hebrew rhythm. § 402 assigns the maximum of authority henceforward possible to the titles of the Psalms: § 424, *Ecclesiastes* is by Solomon; *Wisdom* (§ 444) by an unknown Alexandrian, who may have used lost works by Solomon; the Marcan Epilogue (§ 605) is by Mark; *Hebrews* (§ 719) by Paul's secretary. Those who wish to see the conservative position excellently and persuasively put, will find it here.

4—THE UBIQUITOUS ELECTRON.¹

To one who has not closely followed the recent trend of physical science, the collocation of "electrical theory" with "the problem of the universe" may well cause a smile. Since the days of Newton and Laplace, physicists have apparently been occupied in constructing mechanical models of the world, in which every phenomenon was exhibited as a specimen of matter-in-motion. It is therefore with a certain amount of surprise that the ordinary reader will observe in contemporary physics a widespread conviction that electricity, in the shape of electrons, is the fundamental category in terms of which light, mass, valency, &c., may be expressed.

It must be admitted that the advent of the new views (coinciding as it did with the discovery of the Zeemann effect, radioactivity, &c.), has shed new light on old problems and has wonderfully co-related seemingly disparate results. As Mr. Fournier puts it, the electron dropped into the supersaturated solution of facts and speculations, and furnished the condensation-nucleus required for crystallization. One after another the molecules fell into line, and one department of physical science after another, crystal on crystal, clicked into its place—radiation, dispersion, electrolysis, gas discharges, radium rays, metallic conduction, and, last of all, magnetism.

¹ A Treatise on Electrical Theory and the Problem of the Universe. By G. W. de Tunzelmann, B.Sc. London: Charles Griffin and Co. Pp. xxxi., 654. Price, 15s. net. 1910.

All this, and much more, is admirably explained by Mr. de Tunzelmann, in the substantial volume which lies before us. He is certainly to be congratulated on having successfully completed a work which has evidently involved laborious research. The book, we are told, is written chiefly for physical students and electrical engineers, though of course the author hopes that portions of it will appeal to a wider audience. Personally we may say—after a wide experience of physical text-books—that we know no book which gives such an accurate and comprehensive presentation of that wide branch of physics which deals with electro-magnetism. Mr. de Tunzelmann's work is more advanced than Professor Campbell's *Modern Electrical Theory* (which, curiously enough, is not mentioned) and more descriptive and less technical than Lorentz's *Theory of Electrons*.

The author has wisely added a series of Mathematical Appendices which should present little difficulty to any student who has mastered such well-known manuals as those of Mellor, Webster, or Christiansen. We are very glad to see that Professor de Tunzelmann employs vector-analysis, though indeed he is not always consistent on this point (*e.g.* in Appendices F, G, H). Now that leading physicists like Dr. A. Conway publish their results in quaternion notation, we do not see why vector-analysis should not be employed in English, as well as in German, text-books.

In a book dealing with such a vast range of subjects, it is inevitable that a reviewer must find many things to criticize. Limitations of space, however, preclude any detailed examination of the different chapters. Perhaps we may be allowed to express surprise at the omission of all reference to the work of men like Ostwald and Duhem, and to draw the author's attention to some lacunæ, such as a failure to consider Brownian movements in their bearing on the second law of energetics. We regret, too, the absence of "references for reading," such as Whetham and Jeans give at the close of each chapter of their well-known text-books.

The last and longest chapter, on "The Place of Mind in the Universe," will probably prove the most interesting to the general reader. The author here definitely commits himself to a teleological and theistic point of view. The chapter contains many interesting *aperçus*, and with its main conclusion we are in thorough agreement. We may note, however, that,

here and elsewhere in the book (*e.g.* chapter v.), Mr. de Tunzelmann does not show a wide acquaintance with philosophical literature. In biology, too, we think that he would modify some of his views if he had read some of the works of Wasmann, Driesch, Schneider, or Reinke. Yet, after all, it seems captious to expect a physicist to study deeply the literature of philosophy or biology.

On the whole we can say that Mr. de Tunzelmann has written an excellent book, which we can cordially recommend alike to the educated layman and philosopher as well as to the student of science. Whatever be the fate of some of the theories therein propounded, and whatever philosophical interpretation we put on these "physical theories," the book will remain a mine of valuable information and a useful synthesis of results in the most important branch of physical science.

5.—THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.¹

M. Salomon Reinach's *Orpheus* has not attracted much attention in England, where very few know of its existence, and few would tolerate its blasphemous ribaldry. But it has had a great vogue in France, where there is anxiety lest it should be admitted to the place to which it aspires, as a manual of instruction for the children in the State Schools. It is this which accounts for the many books directed against it which have issued from the French Catholic press. In itself, certainly, it is unworthy of attention, for the Abbé Bricout is not unfair when he pronounces it to be an "*œuvre pseudo-scientifique et malfaisant*." M. Salomon Reinach's reputation has been deservedly made by his studies of Greek antiquities, and hence by a stupid fashion of the age he is credited by unreflecting people with a proficiency in every other subject he takes up. But for the study of religions he is incapacitated by his defective mentality. A man absolutely without ear for music could not write a useful treatise on music, nor can a man absolutely devoid of the religious sense write a useful book on a subject so delicate as the source and character of religious perceptions. Necessarily he theorizes from the outside about matters of which others have a living experience, and his theorizing is ludicrously astray.

¹ *Histoire des Religions et la Foi Catholique, à propos de "l'Orpheus"* de M. Salomon Reinach. Par J. Bricout, Directeur de la Revue du Clergé français. Paris: Librairie Bloud. Pp. 128. Price, 1.20 fr. 1910.

Who, for instance, that had any living experience of religion could be so foolish as to define it to be "a body of scruples impeding the free exercise of our faculties"? Or again, how could one who cannot give even a moderately correct account of the religious ideas of the Catholics outside his door, expect to be able to understand the rudimentary or perverted religious notions of uncivilized pagans? Or if we prefer to judge of his competence not by his perfectly hopeless equipment for his task but by his results, the following delicious little attempt at literary criticism may serve as a specimen. He is contending that the Gospels are not records of facts, but are woven throughout of myths and conjectures—the old thesis of David Strauss who, however, treated it with a little more intelligence. One of M. Reinach's proofs that we cannot trust the history of the Passion is the following.

All the circumstances recorded of the Passion resemble, in a manner which cannot but excite suspicion, rites which were customary long before in keeping certain feasts. At the feast called *Sacæa*, in Babylon and Persia, a condemned person was dressed up as a king and led about in triumph; at the end of the feast he was despoiled of his fine garments, whipped and hanged or crucified. We know from Philo that the populace at Alexandria called one of their improvised kings, that were first loaded with derisory honours and then maltreated, by the name of *Karabas*. But *Karabas* has no meaning either in Aramæan or Greek. We must then restore Barabbas, which in Aramæan signifies "Son of the Father." . . . Now Origen, about 250, found in a very ancient MS. of St. Matthew's Gospel that Barabbas was called "Jesus Barabbas." When we compare these facts it becomes clear that Jesus was put to death not by preference to Barabbas, but as a Barabbas.

This specimen sufficiently illustrates M. Reinach's powers of criticism, but if any one desires to study the question more minutely he will find M. Bricout's little volume of great service. With the delicacy of treatment so characteristic of the best French writers, he follows M. Reinach through his discussion of non-Christian religions, of Judaism and Christianity, of Catholicism, and of the nature, origin, and future of religions—and makes mince-meat of him in the most delightful way.

6.—THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF MORALITY.¹

Catholic teachers have long been convinced of the immense practical value of Father Ernest Hull's two volumes—*Fortifying*

¹ *Why Should I be Moral?* By E. R. Hull, S.J. London: Sands and Co. Pp. vi, 122. Price, 6d. net. 1910.

the Layman and *The Formation of Character*—the first of which goes far to explain how it is that the most important fact of existence—man's relations with his Maker—is commonly put into the background, and develops in detail the lines on which remedies should be applied; whilst the second expounds with still more fulness one of the chief of those remedies, the moral education of the young. They are books to be read and re-read and pondered over by every teacher conscious of the duties and responsibilities of that high office. But we are not sure that the latest work from his prolific pen, *Why Should I be Moral?* does not surpass in importance the other two. For it attacks fairly and squarely a problem which is pressing with ever-growing insistence on thoughtful minds outside the Church who do not find in rationalistic ethics any force sufficient to withstand the general loosening of modern social morals. It seeks to establish the ultimate basis of morality, that foundation of definite and unalterable imperatives on which all stable human society must rest. And it expounds one by one with the utmost clearness, and dissects with the keenest logic, all the non-theistic solutions which the wit of man has been able to excogitate, showing the final inadequacy of each of them and of all of them together, to explain why the individual on any definite occasion should refrain from doing an "immoral" act. The form is that of a discussion—a sort of after-growth to one of those Moral Congresses which are so frequent nowadays and so futile—in which a persistent enquirer, not to be baffled by any fallacy nor to be put down by any dogmatism, probes and probes until he has silenced one by one the various representatives of rival ethical theories. As a specimen of skilled dialectic and clear sustained reasoning apart from its practical result, the whole discussion makes most interesting reading. We hardly think that the author has improved its literary form, or even made it more realistic, by the introduction of comments from the audience, and, perhaps, the humanitarian school may resent their representative being called "Mrs. McLaughlin Snooks" and showing herself so "feminine," but those features are not unduly obtrusive and should not prejudice the reader. The most valuable part of the book is, of course, the constructive, wherein it is shown that theism is the only hypothesis that fits all the facts and that Christianity, as the perfect embodiment of theism, can alone supply the motives to keep the bulk of mankind really moral. The book should be circulated amongst the

higher classes in our schools both of boys and girls. Moreover, there is nothing in it of a controversial nature, nothing that the most conscientious Protestant could object to; in fact, we cannot say whether the Canon Waterton, who gives the final solution, is a Catholic or not. And so we trust the volume may be spread far beyond the confines of our faith. Its teaching, if accepted, will do more good than a dozen Moral Congresses.

7.—THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.¹

We are not quite satisfied that in the two volumes which the Cambridge University Press have now issued upon the English drama, forming Vols. V. and VI. of the whole series, the division of labour which worked so well in the earlier instalments, has proved equally successful. Certainly we should be very sorry to lose Professor Creizenach's chapter on "the early religious drama," in other words on the mediæval mystery plays,—if anything we should have liked to see it twice the length. Again the three sections in Vol. VI. entitled "The Elizabethan Theatre," (dealing largely with the material aspects of the stage), "The Children of the Chapel Royal," and the "University Plays," which we owe respectively to the pens of Messrs Harold Child, J. M. Manby and E. S. Boas are probably best treated by men who have paid attention to these special aspects of the subject, but taking the dramatists and their output, together with the conditions political and social under which they lived, we are inclined to think that there has been rather too much subdivision, of a kind that makes the reader impatient because he fails to see any adequate justification for it. Certainly there are some most excellent things in these chapters. Professor Saintsbury as usual expresses himself with admirable point and we may refer the reader in particular by way of illustration to some brief remarks of his on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy quoted on an earlier page of this number (p. 520.) So too the Master of Peterhouse, as becomes both the historian of English dramatic literature, and the editor of the series, has put some of his very best work into his general sketch of Origins (Vol. v. ch. i.) and his account of the social and political back-

¹ Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M.A. Vols. V. and VI. "The Drama to 1642." Cambridge University Press. Pp. 508 and 534 Price, 9s. net. each. 1910.

ground (Vol. v. ch. xvi.), without speaking of his special treatment of that interesting writer, Thomas Heywood. (Vol. vi. ch. iv.) But somehow our general impression is of a want of unity. We should have liked these many dramatists, whose general function and purpose was in substance the same, to be appraised in one uniform balance, whereas at present we have a feeling that the different contributors are slightly disposed to "run" the special candidates which have been assigned them, or at any rate to claim for them a too significant part in the general harmony of this dramatic orchestra. Perhaps also the impossibility of any exhaustive bibliography upon such a subject as the Shakespearean drama, has led the compilers to be a little careless in their attempt to distinguish between works that are important and those of little worth. From an excellent chapter on the text of Shakespeare we have also quoted a passage in another page of our present issue. We may hope, perhaps, to return to the subject of the Elizabethan drama in a future number.

Short Notices.

ONE must not read *Mezzogiorno* (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) immediately after reading *San Celestino*. Mr. John Ayscough has not repeated himself and, as in the nature of things he could not go any higher, he has perforce to be content with a lower level than that attained in the latter wonderful book. But the more recent tale has many distinctive charms of its own. We have never met a heroine who had so strange an upbringing as Gillian Thesiger, or who traversed the distance between Agnosticism and Catholicity by a route so peculiar to herself. She is the central figure of the book, which indeed is mainly concerned with some half-dozen years of her history. But she meets and is influenced by a great variety of other characters, some more clearly and persuasively sketched than others, but all evidencing the author's well-known skill in portraiture. His power of delineating the gradual awaking of a soul to higher spiritual perceptions has also abundant scope for display, especially in the scenes depicting the misunderstanding between Gillian and her husband, and the death-bed repentance of Mark. But there are, of course, faults in the book, as there are spots on the sun. Mark himself is a little bit Hall Caine-ish, if the author will forgive the comparison—a being of elemental passions outside ordinary categories. The young parson, Wentworth, is introduced with more circumstance than accords with his subsequent influence on the plot. And the characters too often "speak like a book," in finished little essaylets or polished epigrams which, though intellectually entertaining, detract from reality. It must be owned, too, that the story drags a little. There is a tendency to describe verbally moods and trains of thought, instead of illustrating them in action, and Philip and Gill are decidedly too long in coming to the point. However, when all is said and done, *Mezzogiorno* remains an excellent

specimen of elevating fiction—a really good book which, whilst giving the reader intellectual recreation, tends to make him morally better—and it is not unworthy of a place on the shelf with *Dromina* and *San Celestino*. May that shelf need constant enlargement.

What especially strikes us in Father Robert Kane's *Socialism* (C.T.S. of Ireland, 1s.) is the frequent recourse he has for support of his doctrine to the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. Backed by the sound economic principles of Christianity therein enunciated, he has uttered in these lectures a scathing and formidable indictment of the great false system which would oust Christianity from its place and function as healer of the nations. It is our business as Catholics to oppose this with all our force, for we *know* that social regeneration can only be brought about by the infusion of the Christian spirit. And even were it possible to reform the world otherwise, as Christians we could not countenance any rival scheme. *Le Sillon* in some of its developments ignored this fact until the paternal correction of the Holy Father recalled its leaders to the truth. No one who reads Father Kane's ringing words will be tempted to found or join an English *Sillon*. Like a prudent man, having to deal with a term of such confused significance, Father Kane was careful to point out that his strictures were directed only against full-blown Socialism, the system which denies the right of private ownership and the sanctity of the home—a fact which has not shielded him from the reproaches of hurried reviewers, who imagined perhaps that *their* diluted Socialism was attacked. And like an honest man, he has not spared to say, in plain Saxon, what a Christian should think of such a system and its abettors. He, at any rate, is not misled by the wit or the geniality or the open-handedness of a prominent Socialist, who may be a brilliant Fabian, but is certainly an ignorant blasphemer against the most sacred mysteries of our Faith, to condone his insolence towards God on account of his services to men. For keen analysis of the fallacies of the Socialist system and for a trenchant denunciation of the enormities to which they would logically lead, we commend these eloquent lectures to all good Catholics. One little word of adverse criticism. Father Kane speaks, in his Preface, of Social Reformers as of a class apart. We had rather that he had emphasized the fact that all who have the spirit of Christ are, *ipso facto*, Social Reformers. No true Christian can tamely acquiesce in the habitual violation of justice and charity that marks the present social order.

Father Matthew Russell, S.J., excels in the art of seeing the spiritual side of everything and of conveying what he sees to the reader in a style which is *spirituel* as well. Even the average Christian reader will be attracted and interested by the chatty little papers to which he has given the apt title, *At Home with God* (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.), whilst the devout will catch fire at every page. For the writer is evidently at home with his Heavenly Father, and manages to invest his thoughts about Him and man's relations towards Him with the tender simplicity and reverent playfulness of one of the household. The things old and new which this *paterfamilias* has in his turn brought forth from the treasure of a well-stored mind will, we trust, delight and edify a numerous spiritual progeny.

The eminent French geologist, M. A. de Lapparent, has allowed certain of his papers dealing with his special subject to be collected under the title *La Philosophie Minérale* (Bloud, 3.50 fr.). The first part treats of the various theories and characteristics of matter, especially of the strange properties of crystallization; the second goes wider afield, and is

concerned with the geological records of prehistoric times. Both experimental and historical questions are discussed with the lucidity which is characteristic of French prose and French thought at its best, and with the solid learning of an expert.

We expressed, on the appearance of its first issue in the October of last year, our cordial appreciation of the spirit which suggested the publication of the **Re-Union Magazine**, and on looking over its first half-yearly volume (Cope and Fenwick, 480 pp.) we see no reason for changing that appreciation. It continues to be in the main an honest effort to study the differences that exist amongst Christians with a view to their possible removal. If the result only is to discover principles which are irreconcilable, even that is a benefit, as it prevents misrepresentation. The whole disunion ultimately springs from different notions of the nature of Church authority: there, at any rate, the principles of Catholicity are quite clear and quite irreformable. No scheme of Re-union can count on their modification. Still, a discussion of those principles, if fairly conducted, can only result in establishing their soundness. There are many interesting contributions to this particular volume, some showing very plainly an infusion of acrimony and personal bias, but the Editorial Notes are invariably inspired with courtesy and forbearance.

There is only one objection to the eleventh edition of Father Lehmkuhl's **Theologia Moralis** (Herder, 2 vols. 20s.), and that is that it tends to make the possessors of the tenth and previous editions dissatisfied with their lot. But Moral Theology on its positive side is a growing science, and no one can blame the veteran author for keeping his great work up-to-date, and for adding the improvements which further experience and criticism suggest. Needless to say that whatever commendation we have bestowed on it in the past must be extended with interest to this enlarged and perfected edition. It occupies a happy position between large works, which are mainly for reference, and mere manuals, wherein the treatment cannot be exhaustive.

Another well-known work, edited for the second time by the same skilled hand, is Reuter's **Neo-Confessarius practice Instructus** (Herder, 4s.), now more than a century and a half old, but brought thoroughly up-to-date, and more useful than ever.

Messrs. Herder, who are now conveniently established in London, have also sent us another old friend, becoming more valuable as successive editions enable it to be further improved, viz., Bishop Knecht's **Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture** (cloth, 14s. net.). This is the third revised English edition, translated and adapted from the sixteenth German. The valuable Preface contributed by Canon Glancey in 1894 on the study of Catechetics retains all its appositeness to-day; it is a plea for a systematic use of the treasures of Scripture in catechetical instruction, and an illustration of how admirably the present book is fitted for the purpose. This edition, beautifully illustrated and excellently printed, will be a great boon both to catechists and students.

A similar book, also derived from the German, is Archbishop Messmer's **Outlines of Bible Knowledge** (Herder, 6s. net., cloth), which is based on the fifteenth edition of Dr. Brüll's *Bibelkunde*. Its aim is to give the student "such an amount of elementary information regarding the nature, history, and contents of the Bible as it becomes every intelligent Catholic to possess." It is the only Catholic work in English which corresponds to those *Aids to the Study of the Bible* issued by both the Oxford and Cambridge Presses,

but it differs from the latter in leaving out comparatively useless lists such as the precious stones, the plants, the musical instruments, &c., mentioned in the Scriptures, and in giving the correct theological explanation of inspiration, canonicity, and kindred subjects. Full use has been made of discoveries in Palestine and Egypt bearing on Scripture history.

There is a good deal of exposition of Catholic doctrine in *Flora's Choice* (Angelus Co., 6s.), by E. Sheppard, which is a novel written in a straightforward simple style, and dealing with the experiences at home and abroad which occasioned the conversion of a narrow-minded Protestant lady to the Catholic Faith. She took a good deal of convincing, though she had not much to say for her own beliefs; but her rooted prejudices are typical of a state of mind common enough in our surroundings, and the process of their gradual eradication is skilfully described.

Cambridge is doing much to remove the reproach of being merely a mathematical and scientific University, especially by its devotion to English Literature. We notice elsewhere the new volumes of the great History issued by the University Press; here we may call attention to the first of a series of poetical selections intended to give the general reader a sense of the literary atmosphere of various periods as disseminated by their best poetry and prose. The opening volume of the series is, *An Anthology of the Poetry of the Age of Shakespeare* chosen and arranged by W. T. Young, M.A. (2s. 6d. net.) From its perusal the student will learn more of the ideals that the educated then sought after than from the most detailed instruction conveyed at second-hand.

In another department the same University Press is producing some admirable work. The latest additions to the "Cambridge Devotional Series" are *Selections from the Writings of St. Bernard of Clairvaux*, translated by Horatio Grimley, M.A., and *Selections from St. Augustine's Confessions*, translated by W. Montgomery, B.D. (Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d. net. each). Both are carefully edited with useful and sympathetic introductions and in either case the translations are smooth and scholarly.

There seems no end to the stories which American writers turn out, nor to the enterprise of Messrs. Benziger in publishing them. *The Friendly Little House, &c.* (Price, 4s.), contains nineteen short tales by eleven writers—a useful book for busy people who need not fear that their attention will be absorbed for a long time together. *The Turn of the Tide* (Price, 4s), by M. A. Gray, is a simple story of fisher-folk, well-told and interesting in a quiet way.

The other end of the social scale figures largely in *A Little Cloud of Dust*, by Hugh Naybard (The Century Press, 6s.), which deals with political matters in India and the high officials who sway the destinies of Empire. The story is highly though not unpalatably spiced with love and murder and mystery and intrigue of various sorts. *Snow-Shoes and Canoes*, from the same publishers, is a fourpenny edition of a well-known book by Kingston.

Dr. Michael Pohl's great edition of the works of Thomas Hemerken à Kempis is nearing completion. Four volumes of the seven have already appeared and now the fifth (which is the first of the series) has just been published (Herder, 7.50 fr.). Its chief contents are the tractates *de tribus tabernaculis*, *de vera compunctione cordis*, *de dispensatore fidei* and the *Soliloquium Animæ*. A full apparatus of critical notes is appended to make the edition as definite as possible.

James Ryder Randall is one of those poets whose memory will be kept alive by a single song. We cannot honestly say that the publication of all his *Poems* (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d. net.), will make his immortality more secure. There is nothing approaching *Maryland, my Maryland* in all this collection. The muse of the "laureate of the South" was more ambitious than successful and, though there are occasional fine and tender thoughts and ringing lines in these poems, the workmanship is often rough and the matter trivial. The book is edited with a biographical introduction by Matthew Page Andrews, M.A.

Less ambitious but more successful are the *Ballads and Legends, Vol. II.*, which Miss "Ymal Oswin," whose prose is not unknown to our readers, has issued in a dainty volume of white and gold. Dealing mainly with religious themes, these poems, in a great variety of metres, are the expression of feeling true and tender, joined with considerable poetic art.

Canon P. Pisani, of Notre Dame, has published the third volume of his exhaustive History, *L'Eglise de Paris et la Révolution* (Picard, 3.50 fr.), which comprises the years 1796—1799. The concentration of the life of France in the capital causes the book to be much more than an account of the various parishes there: the progress of the Revolution is traced in great detail, and its influence on the Parisian clergy was, of course, transmitted to the entire French Church. The extremity of persecution from external foes and disloyal children which that great Church then experienced and has survived must be one of its consolations at the present day. The sad narrative is clearly and candidly set forth by the learned Canon.

Messrs. Constable have added to their useful little series of *Philosophies Ancient and Modern*, *Swedenborg*, by Frank Sewall, M.A., and *Nietzsche*, by A. M. Ludovici (1s. net. each). The Swedish mystic began life as a scientific man, and had he any real knowledge of Christianity and the nature of God's Church, he might have been one of its ornaments. But like all those who break away from revelation and try to "think out" things for themselves, he only succeeded in involving himself in a maze of unverifiable hypotheses based on his subjective experiences and issuing finally in a kind of Pantheism. The chapter on his "Relations to Modern Thought," which is apparently written by a clergyman, is remarkable for its misunderstanding of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. As regards Nietzsche, when we say that his biographer calls him "the bitterest enemy of Christianity," and writes throughout as his apologist, we know how to approach this book. For if Christianity is true and the only truth, then the principles of Nietzsche are fundamentally false and bad, and all attempts to make them seem otherwise must be mere sophistry. However, it is well to have them set forth, even by a sympathizer, if only to show what would become of the world without the leaven of Christian principle.

Father Benson's touching little sacred drama, called *The Cost of a Crown*, which was acted at the Centenary of Ushaw over two years ago, has been published by Messrs Longmans and Co., in a well-printed volume at 3s. 6d. net. It deals with the life and martyrdom of the Venerable John Bost, of Rheims, who met his death under Elizabeth, and is so skilfully arranged that nearly all the details are historical. It gives a vivid picture of the conditions of priestly ministry in England in those days and the spirit in which it was performed.

Amongst the pamphlets sent for notice we may mention Father Joyce's learned lecture on *The Catholic Doctrine of Indulgences* delivered in

Preston last September—subject which is always timely, for although the doctrine is simple enough, its historical origin and support is not always understood even by Catholics: **The Church's Natural Allies**, by Francis W. Grey, reprinted from the Ottawa University Magazine which is in substance a plea for the closer union, in sympathy at any rate, between Catholics and those Protestants who believe Christ's Divinity in the orthodox sense, against the growing infidelity of the day: **Philosophy and Sectarianism in Belfast University**, by Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D. (from the *Irish Theological Quarterly*), which is a masterly examination of the motives and principles of those who opposed the establishment of a Chair of Scholastic Philosophy there on the grounds that such a subject was "sectarian."

The issue of the **Calendar of University College, Dublin** for the session 1910—1911, a substantial volume of over 500 pages (Browne and Nolan, 2s.), is a welcome sign that the new National University, of which this Dublin College is a constituent, is already in a vigorous and well-organized condition. The book, excellently bound and printed, contains all the usual information of volumes of its class.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

ANGELUS COMPANY, Norwood.

Flora's Choice. By E. Sheppard. Pp. 296. Price, 6s. 1910.

FROM THE AUTHORS.

Ballads and Legends. Vol. II. By Ymal Oswin. Pp. 54. Price, 9d. 1910.

The Church's Natural Allies. By Francis W. Grey, Litt.D.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

The Friendly Little House, and Other Stories. Various Authors. Pp. 276. Price, 4s. 1910.

The Turn of the Tide. By M. A. Gray. Pp. 387. Price, 4s. 1910.

BENNETT AND CO., London.

A Little Cloud of Dust. By Hugh Naybard. Pp. 232. Price, 6s. 1910. *Snow-Shoes and Canoes.* By W. H. G. Kingston. Fourpenny edition. 1910.

BEYAERT, Bruges.

Tractatus de Divina Gratia. Auctore J. Van der Meersch. Pp. xv, 407. Price, 5 fr. 1910.

BRASSET, PARIS.

La Crise Organique de l'Eglise en France. By Paul Valliaud. 3e edit. Pp. 202. Price, 2.00 fr. 1910.

BROWNE AND NOLAN, Dublin.

University College Calendar, 1910-11. Pp. xxvii, 511. Price, 2s. 1910.

BURNS AND OATES, Ltd., London.

The Poems of James Ryder Randall. Edited by M. P. Andrews. Pp. x, 221. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Parallel between the English and American Civil Wars. By C. H. Firth, M.A. Pp. 50. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1910. *An Anthology of the Poetry of the Age of Shakespeare.* Edited by W. T. Young, M.A. Pp. vii, 307. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1910.

Documents of Jewish Sectaries. Vols. I., II. Pp. lxi, 20; vi, 50. Price, 10s. net. 1910. *The Ancient Church Orders.* By Bishop A. J. Maclean. Pp. x, 181. Price, 4s. net. 1910. *The Church Year and Calendar.* By John Dowden, D.D. Pp. xxvi, 160. Price, 4s. net. 1910.

Selections from St. Augustine's Confessions. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.D. Pp. xxvi, 271. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1910. *Selections from St. Bernard.* Translated by H. Grimley. Pp. xv, 268. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1910.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

Prayers from the Divine Liturgy. Pp. 82. Price, 3d. 1910.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

Socialism. By Robert Kane, S.J. Pp. 93. Price, 1s. 1910.

CONSTABLE AND CO., London.

Swedenborg and the Sapientia Angelica. By Frank Sewall, M.A. Pp. vi, 128. Price, 1s. net. 1910. *Nietzsche.* By A. M. Ludovici. Pp. xv, 102. Price, 1s. net. 1910.

HERDER, London.

Neo-Confessarius practice instructus. By John Reuter, S.J. Edited by A. Lehmkühl, S.J. 2nd edition. Pp. xiv, 498. Price, 4s. (paper). 1910. *Outlines of Bible Knowledge.* Edited by Bishop Messmer. Pp. xii, 298. Price, 6s. net. 1910. *A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture.* By Bishop Knecht. 3rd English edition. Pp. xxxii, 840. Price, 14s. net. 1910. *Theologia Moralis.* Auctore A. Lehmkühl. 11th edition. 2 Vols. Pp. xix, 900; xv, 950. Price, 20s. (paper). 1910. *The Catholic's Manual.* By Tilmann Pesch, S.J. Pp. xxvii, 665. Price, 2s. 1910.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Le Fleau Romantique. By C. Lecigne. Pp. 316. Price, 3.50 fr. 1910.

LONGMANS AND CO., London.

The First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle-on-Tyne. By the author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*. Pp. xiii, 287. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1910. *St. Augustine and African Church Divisions.* By W. J. Sparrow Simpson, B.D. Pp. v, 154. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910. *The Dawn of Modern England.* By Carlos B. Lumsden. Pp. 303. Price, 9s. net. 1910. *At Home with God.* By Matthew Russell, S.J. Pp. viii, 246. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910. *The Cost of a Crown.* By R. H. Benson. Pp. 101. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1910.

METHUEN, London.

Man's Supreme Inheritance. By J. Mathias Alexander. Pp. xvi, 200. Price, 5s. net. 1910. *Old English Instruments of Music.* By Francis W. Galpin. Pp. xxv, 327. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1910.

PICARD, Paris.

Le Concordat de 1516: Partie 1re. By l'Abbé Jules Thomas. Pp. xii, 448. Price 7.50 fr. 1910. *L'Eglise de Paris et la Révolution.* By Chanoine P. Pisani. III. 1796-1799. Pp. 426. Price, 3.50 fr. 1910.

SANDS AND CO., London.

Why should I be Moral? By E. R. Hull, S.J. Pp. iii, 120. Price, 6d. 1910.

VATICAN PRESS, Rome.

Notes sur la Médecine et la Botanique des Anciens Mexicains. By A. Gerste, S.J. 2me edit. Pp. 191. 1910.

WATSON AND CO., Preston.

The Catholic Doctrine of Indulgences. By G. H. Joyce, S.J. Pp. 19. Price, 1d. 1910.

SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

Summary of Contents.

I.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach. (1910.) IX.

- O. Pfülf.*—Father A. Baumgartner.
S. Beissel.—The most recent investigations regarding the Holy House of Loreto.
O. Zimmermann.—The New Theosophy.
V. Cathrein.—The *Action Populaire* of Reims.
A. Deneff.—Two Parallels to the Proofs of God's Existence.

II.

Revue des Questions Historiques. (1910.) IV.

- J. M. Vidal.*—A Mystic of the Blood Royal—Philip of Majorca.
Hyrciois de Landôl.—The Kidnapping of Philip de Vendôme.
H. R. du Mérac.—The Abbey of Cluny.
P. Bliard.—A Group of Regicides after the Hundred Days.

III.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique. October 1 and 15.

- A. Baudrillart.*—Cluny and the Papacy.
Petit de Julleville.—Education in the helping of Young People.
F. Cimetier.—Catholic Public Worship in the eyes of the Law.
J. Lebreton.—The Apologetic Congress of Vich.
S. Perret.—Isaiah's Prophecy of Emmanuel.
J. Guibert.—Pius X. and the concentration of the Life of the Church.

IV.

La Civiltà Cattolica. October 1 and 15.

Religious Instruction and Modern Naturalism.

Controverted Points in the Pope Liberius Question.

- The Jesuits.
 The New Precautions against the Danger of Modernism.
 Literary Modernism.
 Theosophy and its Conception of the Sacraments.
 The Authors of the Psalms and the time of their Composition.
 British Rule in India in 1910.
 The Frescoes in S. Maria Antiqua.
 Italian Emigration to Canada.

V.

Revue Augustinienne. September 15.

- Decree about the Age of Admission to First Communion.
E. Maldidier.—Realism in Contemporary Philosophy.
E. Dassonneville.—Monastic Life at Villers-la-Ville.
L. Talmont.—St. Peter's Apostolate in Rome according to Recent Critics.

VI.

Bulletin d'Histoire Ecclesiastique. October. (1910.)

- Mgr. G. Bréton.*—The Modernist Carboneria in France.
L. Maisonneuve.—The Work of James Balmes.
F. Cavallera.—Recent Research and the Early Church.
F. Cavallera.—Mgr. Duchesne and the *Unità Cattolica*.

VII.

Der Katholik. (1910.) X.

- J. Ernst.*—The Love of God as the principle of Morality.
Brehm and Lauchert.—The History of the Rosary.
D. Praxmarer.—The Age for First Communion.
B. Baur.—The Fifth Marian Congress.

